**Hung-Up on Vietnam** *The Editors*

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

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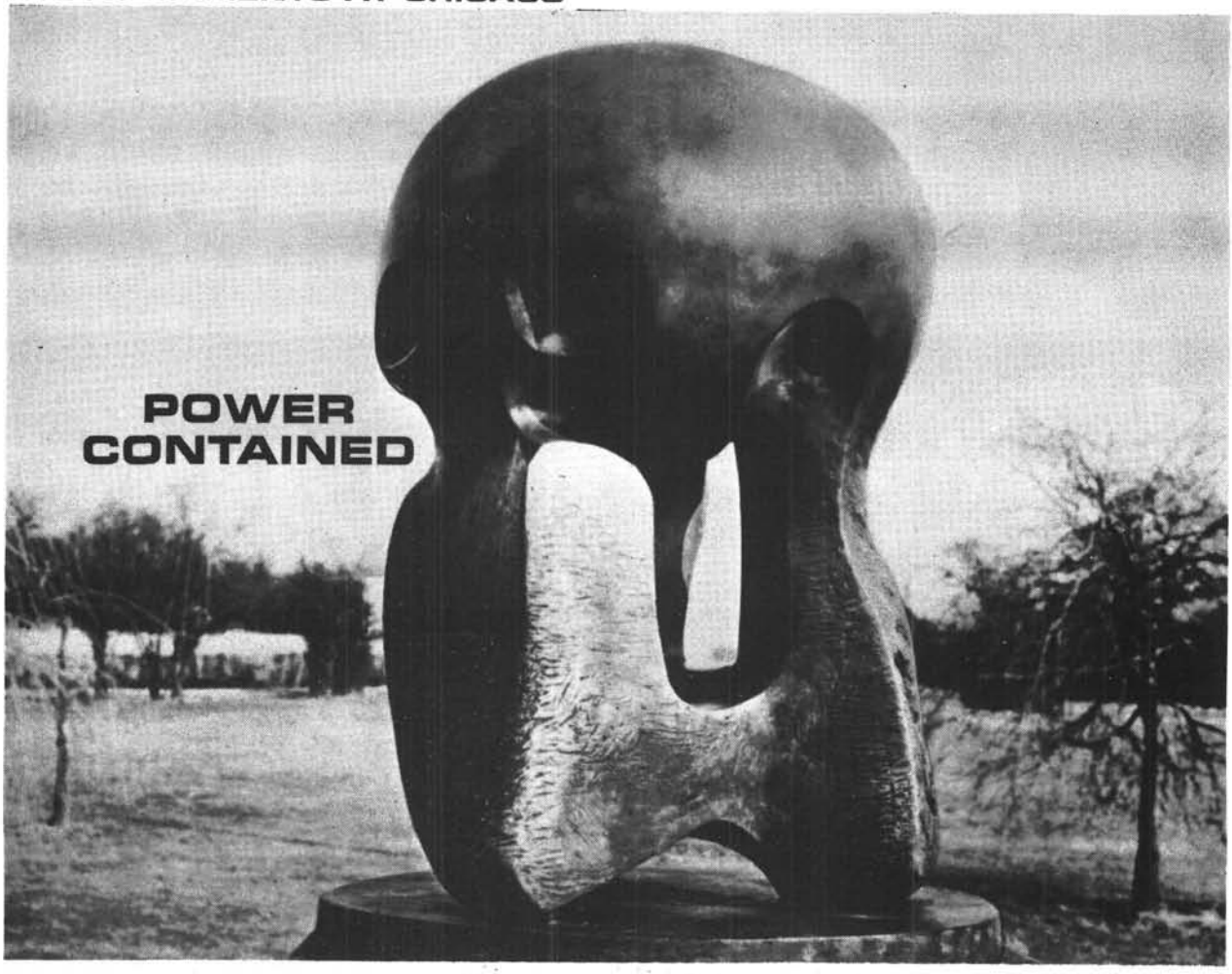
## GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO

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# T.R.B. *from Washington*

*Stamping out Crime*

★ We are sick and tired of crime in America. J. Edgar Hoover's FBI has just compiled statements from 10 city police chiefs which make our blood boil. Crime is due to lenient courts, they say, baseless charges of police brutality, civil disobedience and things like that. So let us all rally behind J. Edgar Hoover and stamp out crime.

Let us take the Scripps-Howard *Cleveland Press* as our guide. When Dr. Sam Sheppard's wife was murdered in 1954 did it shilly-shally? No. It did what any red-blooded newspaper would do, ran front-page editorials, WHY ISN'T SAM SHEPPARD IN JAIL? Other right-minded papers joined in. QUIT STALLING – BRING HIM IN ran the *Press* editorial. They gave full support to the police. And they got a conviction.

And then, just as Hoover's FBI informants say, the chicken-livered courts stepped in. Dr. Sheppard last month was set free by a jury after serving nine years in jail, after the pusillanimous Supreme Court ordered a new trial. It set the original verdict aside because of "prejudicial publicity" and "a carnival atmosphere."

The new jury of seven men and five women now say Dr. Sheppard was innocent. He served nine years. His mother killed herself. His murdered wife's father killed himself, too, leaving a note saying he could "not stand it any longer." But so what? Those were splendid ringing editorials in the *Cleveland Press* and the *Cleveland News!* If the Supreme Court had kept its nose out of the affair Doc Sheppard would be in jail still. Think of the doubts and negative thoughts the Supreme Court has sown. What if one or two innocent men do go to jail? – getting convictions and supporting the police are the important things.

And here's another case to show how we coddle criminals. The lawyers of Bobby Baker have the effrontery to hale the patriotic FBI itself into court. Baker, former Senate aide, is charged with fraud and tax evasion. But his lawyers declare that the FBI systematically "bugged" his conversations. The Justice Department shyly admits it. You call that "illegal"? Why, J. Edgar Hoover has been doing it for years. We are lucky to have men like Hoover. If you're going to stop lawlessness you need a bit of lawlessness yourself, don't you? The Supreme Court just threw out an associated case involving one of Baker's acquaintances, Fred B. Black Jr. His phone was bugged by the FBI, too. And now Baker may go free.

Pampering criminals has gone too far. The Southern congressmen who keep the predominantly Negro District of Columbia in subjugation worked out an anti-crime bill to end all crime bills. They slammed it through in the final rush of Congress. It was a bill made to order for the 10 police chiefs interviewed by the FBI. It was to be a model for the whole nation.

Police could go to the scene of a crime and take in the whole neighborhood. No warrants, no habeas corpus, no nonsense. Suspects could be held for four hours of questioning, then another six hours after arrest but before arraignment, and material witnesses for six hours. If released they could be taken into custody again. And what did President Johnson do? He vetoed it.

*Johnson's Gall*

★ It is enough to make a person cry. Recently the eminent Hans Morgenthau, in this journal, showed how power-hungry Mr. Johnson is. Politicians are power-hungry, Mr. Morgenthau explained, whereas intellectuals (like you and I) seek only the truth. Mr. Johnson could have given the crime bill a pocket-veto and just swept the whole thing under the rug. Instead of that he had the gall to come out publicly and denounce the bill. Under it, he said, "a person can disappear from sight merely on a policeman's judgment." He said the bill "does not touch the quality or quantity of law enforcement resources: more, better trained, better equipped and better paid police and correction workers."

Sly as he is, Mr. Johnson must have a political motive for a thing like that! Everything he does is suspect with us intellectuals – like getting medicare, and school aid and advances in civil rights.

To take a little different approach, this country is fat and frightened. On one side we are the richest country in the world, on the other we keep one-third of our Negro youths unemployed and demoralized. Our cities rest on volcanoes of violence. Even California's Sunset Strip is riotous, but since these are merely misguided white youths it doesn't engender any real hatred. (A Negro, though, might find cause for a black white-lash.)

*Cannon, Anyone?*

★ To complete the crime story, any American can go to the nearest hardware store and buy a revolver or rifle or send for a mail-order surplus machine gun or even a small cannon. We are the only big nation that allows this. Having a gun is a virility symbol so ingrained that even the horror of the Kennedy murder didn't bring legislation from Congress. And we need guns to fight crime, don't we?

The anti-crime drive has racial overtones. But beyond that it's the old issue of the individual *vs* society. Communists put the rights of society ahead of everything else and to hell with the individual, and so do some police chiefs, and the wire-tapping FBI boys, and all the anti-crime hawks who want to cut corners to achieve "law and order." That's an issue that comes up in every generation, and every generation must settle it afresh.

Dr. Franklin H. Littell, head of Iowa Wesleyan, who looks like a young Borah, leads an impressive new Institute for American Democracy to combat the Radical Right ravings on the radio – John Birchers and what-not. If you hear some of this right-wing propaganda, often broadcast tax-free as a "public service," write to Littell. Maybe the IAD can persuade the FCC to grant equal time. Address: 1330 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., this city.

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# Hung-Up on Vietnam

The more we smash in Vietnam, the more remains to be smashed, and when that is done, we shall still be doubting whether it was worth doing. Vietnam has become a chronic disease, debilitating and seemingly incurable. Max Frankel of *The New York Times* reports from Saigon the expectation of "a long guerrilla war even after the bigger communist units are hunted down and humbled. . . . A longer time still will pass before Americans can safely leave the nation to the policing of the South Vietnamese . . . perhaps a decade hence." That prediction, too, may prove overly optimistic, like the White House statement of October 2, 1963: "Secretary McNamara and General Taylor reported their judgment that the major part of the US military task can be completed by the end of 1965, although there may be a continuing requirement for a limited number of . . . training personnel. They reported that by the end of this year the United States program for training Vietnamese should have progressed to the point where 1,000 United States military personnel . . . can be withdrawn."

General Eisenhower, who is usually a reliable barometer of the public mood, says he would "take any action to win." But the General frankly admits he doesn't know what action that might be. President Johnson is left suspended between distasteful alternatives. He does not want to obliterate Vietnam; he does not want a war with China; nor does he want to see all his efforts for a more constructive relationship with the communist states of Europe break down completely. Yet that is what "any action to win" may produce. The President has every incentive to liquidate this bankrupt enterprise. But how? If he were to slack off, would he not demoralize the Vietnamese whose fortunes we are pledged to defend? And would the hawks at home let him make peace – and survive politically? In short, Mr. Johnson is hung up, and the communists thus far have given him no way of getting off the hook easily.

The President's domestic critics are frustrated, too. They have suggested a cease-fire and been labeled "nervous Nellies" or charged with indifference to the danger of communism. They have pleaded for "no wider war" and been overruled by military exigencies. They have advised concentrating US forces in enclaves and have been told they were actually recommending a way station to withdrawal. The elections last month, the polls, the intransigence of the Viet Cong – everything conspires to deny the critics – and the Commander-in-Chief – any significant freedom of action. We are the captives of rash com-

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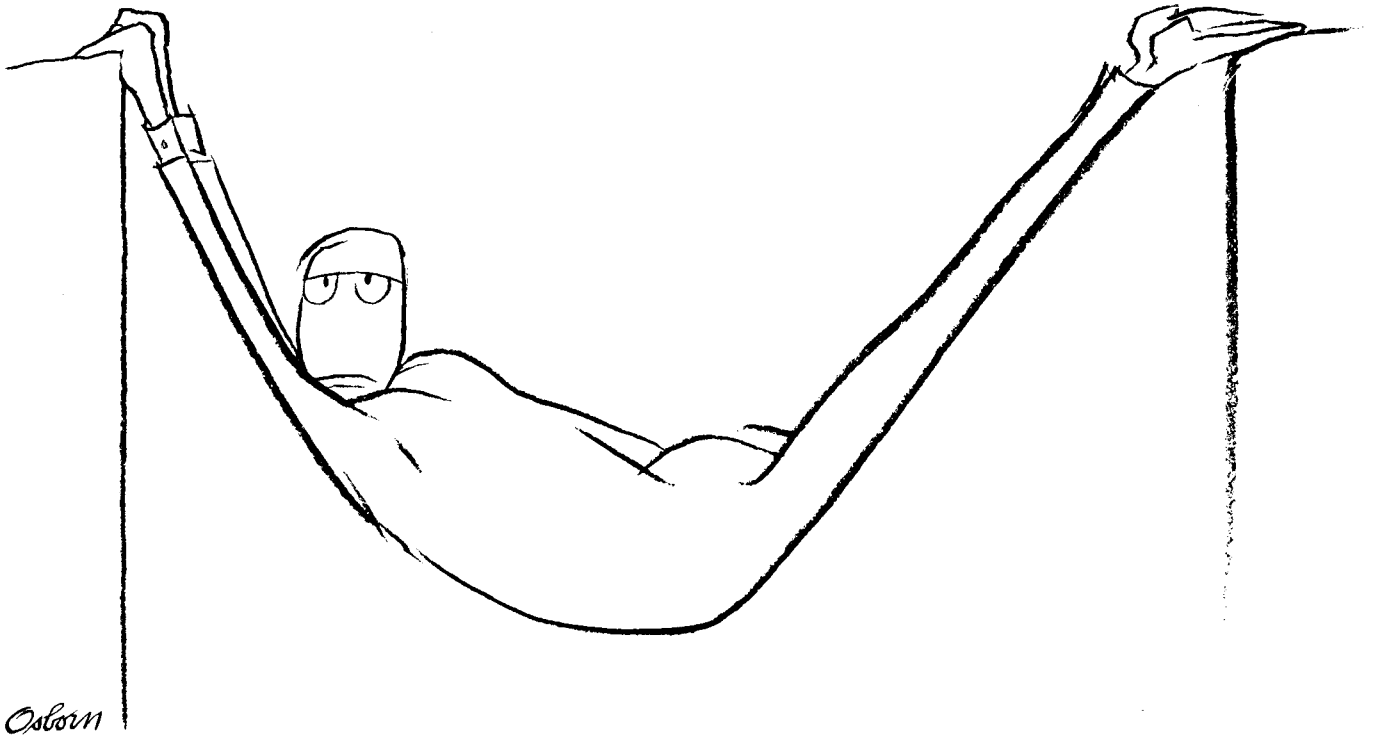
mitments gripped by the persistent delusion that victory for "our" Vietnamese is a life-and-death necessity.

The frustration of the dissenters is understandable, for they cannot meet the demand put upon them – to make sense out of a situation that is senseless, to tell the administration how to get out of a trap the critics warned against getting into. They have no power in the White House, or in Hanoi. The evangelical impulse of America is against them, an impulse strengthened by 20 years of anti-communist editorializing, as well as by an economy so largely powered by military orders. In this fiscal year, defense expenditures – $1.25 billion a week – will be almost $20 billion higher than in fiscal '65, solely because of Vietnam. Meanwhile, the biggest domino in Asia – India – begs for more food and fertilizer, for masses of its people are starving.

In this sixth year of undeclared war, perspective in Washington is as hard to find as a Goldwater button. Not being tied down in Vietnam, and thus having less need for self-deception, foreigners are more apt than we to be skeptical about the overriding importance of denying South Vietnam to the Viet Cong. They note that the US tolerates a communist country 90 miles off its coast (we have almost forgotten Cuba is there). No doubt outsiders have a more dispassionate estimate than we of America's competence and obligation to dictate which are and which are not the permissible revolutions around the world. They can stand aside, and do, waiting to see what will come out of the grim reform school we are running in Vietnam – a school which punishes, rehabilitates, rewards – all in the confident hope that someday there will be enough good Vietnamese to take care of the incorrigibles; then, perhaps, we can let them manage their own affairs.

That is what pacification is, and it carries in its wake something uglier than the word pacification implies. In this kind of exercise, brutality comes to seem natural. The brutalization of French forces, responding to terrorism by their opponents, marked the final months of the war in Algeria. Now correspondents in Saigon are beginning to report mounting bitterness against any restraining hand and growing respect for the "tough" qualities. "When a sniper fires from a hamlet being secured by the Koreans," an American officer tells columnists Evans and Novak, "the hamlet is leveled." Well, troops do what they are sent to do, and this is a dirty business. They are having the worst of it (over 6,000 GI's have been killed so far), but they are not the only casualties. Corruption is not confined to Saigon, and violence erupts in our own cities.

Taking account of rising military costs, the President last week announced that the Great Society will be cut back in the next fiscal year by several billion dollars more. The poor of America can put up with their poverty a decade or so longer; the deferral of hopes at home is not the heart of the tragedy. It is that all of us – in Vietnam and here at home – are sacrificing for a cause that is not worth it. The Viet Cong may be foolish to go on fighting for control of their country. We are worse than foolish. We are waging a war that is none of our business and which cannot be justified by any moral imperative or threat to our national security.



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# Israel Condemned

When, last October, an Israeli border police command car struck a mine near the Syrian border, killing three and wounding six, it was the US ambassador to Israel who persuaded Prime Minister Eshkol to complain to the Security Council instead of immediately striking back against Syria. Lengthy debates in the Security Council led nowhere, and a month later another Israeli patrol vehicle struck a mine, this time near the border of Jordan. A major reprisal raid was ordered and its target was an area of Jordan where, the Israelis claim, Hussein's authority does not extend and which until recently had been under the control of terrorist bands loyal to the Palestine Liberation Organization, and to the Syrian-led and armed *El Fattah*. The result was the Security Council's censure of Israel on November 25 by a vote of 14 to nothing.

Washington was at first reluctant to condemn Israel out of hand. It hoped to take some of the sting out of the UN censure motion by inserting a reference to terrorist raids. Then the riots broke out in Jordan. The US ambassador in Amman began sending alarming cables that unless King Hussein obtained full satisfaction in the UN, his days were numbered. The State Department panicked, and in the UN the Americans went along with the toughest possible resolution. Whether the UN's action will do much to help keep Hussein's regime afloat is doubtful, for his fate depends rather on his steadfast will to resist the pressure of his enemies and his ability to command the allegiance of his army. Both as yet seem unimpaired.

The Security Council's action will surely stand, however, as a landmark in UN peace-keeping history. In all previous condemnations, with the exception perhaps of the Red Chinese case in Korea, a specific *act* was condemned. In the Jordan *vs* Israel case, a *country* was condemned, and in the strongest possible terms. Consistency is not to be expected of nations, but it should be noted that every big power voting for the censure of Israel has in the last 10 years engaged in exactly the same (or worse) kind of operation as the Israelis, and either got away with it altogether, or as lightly as possible: France and Britain at Suez (the missing ingredient in the 1966 raid, which the Israelis lightly overlooked), 15 Russian divisions in Hungary, the Bay of Pigs, the French against Tunisia, and the British against Yemen.

On March 28, 1964, British jets destroyed a Yemen border force at Harib. The case went to the UN. It was there, on April 6, 1964, while *not* voting for Britain's condemnation, that the late Adlai Stevenson laid down what had been until then (the Bay of Pigs notwithstanding) American policy: "My government has repeatedly expressed its emphatic disapproval of provocative acts and retaliatory raids wherever they occur and by whomever committed" – a phrase that Ambassador Goldberg was to cite again. This was said by Mr. Stevenson exactly four months before American war planes blasted one-third of the North Vietnamese navy out of the water, along with its shore installations, for an attack on American destroyers, and 10 months before President Johnson, on February 7, 1965, declared that the US was now launching "*retaliatory attacks* against barracks and staging areas of North Vietnam." Twenty-two months and about a half-million tons of bombs later (225,000 tons of bombs were expended in Vietnam in 1965, and 638,000 tons were "programmed" for all of Vietnam for 1966), this must have become world history's longest retaliatory raid. And the Security Council has yet to lift an admonishing finger.

# U Thant's Decision

At the time these lines are being written, the conditions on which the UN Secretary General, U Thant, agreed to withdraw his decision to resign are not yet known. But it is said that he obtained little, if anything at all. For a long while U Thant has been a forceful advocate of admitting Communist China to the UN. Without that membership, he has said, the world organization cannot function properly. But all through last week, the vote in the UN on Chinese representation showed that this problem will not soon be settled. When it is, it will have been preceded by an agreement between Washington and Peking, and that may require a decade, perhaps two.

The Secretary General has criticized the system which allows him to be nothing more than a clerk. But much as they wished him to stay on the job, it is hardly conceivable that the great powers have now agreed to give him much more power. He might have been assured that the Russians and the French will finally come through with their long-overdue voluntary contributions to the UN budget. Those payments, however, will amount only to a fraction of what the two countries owe the UN, and the payments were expected from them anyway.

Finally, it is probable that U Thant was not given the reward he openly considered most important – a move toward deescalation of the war in Vietnam, beginning with an unconditional and permanent cessation of American raids on the North.

Why, then, did U Thant reverse himself and agree to stay? Most likely it is because he accepted the validity of the argument put to him last Tuesday in a dramatic, 12-minute meeting with the representatives



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of the four big powers. In effect, they said: "If you leave, we will not be able to agree upon a successor. The United Nations is in such bad shape that only the presence of the Secretary General keeps it alive. If you quit, the world body will be completely paralyzed and disintegrate soon thereafter. Yet the world needs the United Nations.

"Think only of what would happen should another world crisis like the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962 arise. Where would the parties to the dispute address their grievances? How would they arrange for a cooling-off period, before direct negotiations are begun? Without the United Nations, the confrontation – a nuclear confrontation perhaps – could become unavoidable."

Another man, perhaps a harsher bargainer, might have been unmoved, might have refused to yield after having said so often and so publicly that he would quit unless the big powers were really prepared to let him be an effective Secretary General. But the idea of self-sacrifice comes naturally to U Thant. And what he has done is to subordinate his personal prestige to the survival of the world organization. Only time will show whether his decision will pay off. No doubt it had to be made, and for it Secretary General U Thant deserves the gratitude of everyone.

# The Air Around Us

Warning people with lung diseases and bad colds to stay indoors is no defense against smog, but it was the most sensible advice to come from the New York City officials during Thanksgiving weekend. A blanket of choking air had settled over the city the day before Thanksgiving, and all during the holiday the commissioner for air pollution, Mr. Austin Heller, watched his instruments jiggle up and down. That evening, when the cars started back into the city, the carbon monoxide level spurted over the danger point, and the commissioner solemnly if inexplicably announced a "watch" condition was in effect. The next day things got worse and Governor Rockefeller issued a "first alert advisory" for the metropolitan area. New Jersey and Connecticut followed suit. A first alert advisory calls on the citizenry to "voluntarily" stop running automobiles when possible, and asks owners of apartment buildings not to operate incinerators and to keep furnaces burning low. If the first alert doesn't work, a second alert urges more "voluntary" curbs.

Luckily this nonsense went no further and cold air blew the smog out by Sunday. All of this leaves Mayor Lindsay (he was in Bermuda) looking foolish, since he had made so much of his interest in air pollution. Had the city really been concerned about the effects of smog, it would have ordered Consolidated Edison Co., which accounts for about one-third of the pollution through its coal and oil burning power plants, either to burn natural gas or to buy electricity from the northeast power "grid," that is, to bring in the electricity from Canada. This would have stopped most of the sulphur dioxide going into the air. To control the carbon monoxide, a far more serious problem, the city then should have had the police stop automobiles coming into Manhattan. The best Mayor Lindsay's people could do was to stop burning garbage at municipal dumps. All day Friday the streets of midtown Manhattan were jammed with traffic. While Con Ed says it doubled the amount of natural gas it burns in an effort to help out, its stacks were belching forth the usual black smoke – the giveaway that the company was burning oil or coal which contained a high sulphur dioxide content.

The federal government was helpless as usual. The air pollution control program in the Public Health Service is too small to worry anyone (about $15 million a year), and its main function is to start local public relations campaigns against air pollution. Since 1964, the Public Health Service has sought to mount an enforcement action in the New Jersey-New York metropolitan area, and a conference is finally to be held January 3. But the conference is only the first formal step; the business can drag on for another three years before any of the industries even has to begin a clean-up. The federal government may move even further away from enforcement, if the rumors prove true and John Middleton, a Californian, more interested in research than enforcement, is appointed to run the office.

Air pollution will not respond to anything but radical change. This means the use of electric vehicles in cities; it means grappling with sulphur dioxide on a national basis. Congress can establish a maximum standard for sulphur dioxide content in coal and residual fuel oil sold in interstate commerce, or it can go further and determine what kinds of fuels should be used in making electricity.

COMING: *a reply to Hans J. Morgenthau's essay on LBJ and the intellectuals*



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# Community Hospital in the Ghetto

*The Bronx*

Looming up between warehouses, factories, garages and a major elevated highway droning alongside its eastern windows is a soot-encrusted pile of bricks resembling a deserted factory. Outside on the paper-strewn and garbage-smelling streets you can see paint peeling off the walls. You hear a faint mechanical whirr that instinct tells you will be drawn out to a monstrous boom. The speed at which this sound travels is incredible. Overhead, roaring and whistling, is a gigantic jet plane braking for a turn over the flatlands. When you look up, its belly and wings are seen in detail. The jet, on its scheduled run into Kennedy airport, has just cleared the rooftops of the ghetto Lincoln Hospital.

Lincoln has the highest number of admissions of any hospital in The Bronx. Its reputation is used by parents to scare their children into wearing warm clothes and eating. Yet a radical innovation has begun here. Theoretically a woman of this southeast Bronx ghetto – where the unemployment rate is higher than that of every poverty district in New York except Harlem – can now walk into Lincoln for treatment and walk out with a job. This neighborhood woman is recruited through a variety of ways, including word of mouth. She is trained to a level almost comparable to that of a professional nurse and works in the maternity clinic.

She is paid a salary while in training. She is taught to see the social connection between disease and death (the higher infant mortality among the poor). The patient ceases to become faceless in many ways: the patient may be the woman the aide has met in the Laundromat or on the street. Aides recruited from the community speak English and Spanish and give the maternity clinic a neighborhood feeling.

Lincoln has the busiest emergency service in The Bronx. Children are brought in with lead poisoning caused by eating the old paint off the walls. A social service worker will seek out the landlord to get the paint removed. Social service will try not to send patients back to the same conditions that brought them to the hospital.

The force behind this new service is Dr. Joseph J. Smith of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, the director of Lincoln's Department of Gynecology-Obstetrics. Smith has been helped immensely by key figures in the city's hospital administration, for his ideas have angered old-line doctors who claim he is running a soup kitchen.

What Smith wants to do is simple. Lincoln has the heaviest concentration of obstetrical cases in The Bronx. Once a woman comes in for maternity care, the clinic "has her." His plan is to give her complete medical care, including dental work, eyeglasses, and so on, if she needs them. All women now coming to Lincoln, for whatever reason, are given a smear to detect cancer of the cervix, which is curable. In one year, more cancer of the cervix was detected and treated than in the last 30 years. (The quality of microscopes at Lincoln is such that they may not detect every case.)

Last September a modern Neighborhood Maternity-Infant Center opened up in a converted garage. The center is a neighborhood satellite of Lincoln. Women can walk in off a busy shopping street. (Lincoln itself is almost physically isolated from the community.) This corner of The Bronx has the highest rate of juvenile offenses in the borough, its admission rates to the state mental hospitals are 40 percent higher than the rest of The Bronx.

A pregnant woman entering the brightly-lit center sits on a colorful, comfortable chair and not a hard bench. A trained person takes care of her children while she visits the clinic. There is a supervised playroom off the waiting room. If her children are sick or can't come to the center, a baby-sitter is sent to her home. Before the time for her delivery, the center sees to it that her children will be taken care of while she is at the hospital. After delivery, a doctor and an aide will visit her at home. All services, including medication, are free. All the women – many for the first time – have individual meetings with a nutritionist.

A few years ago New York City was thinking of closing down Lincoln. One of the reasons was a lack of nurses. Now Lincoln wants to become a model training center where nontechnical aides can be taught and sent out to other hospitals. This February a new class will begin. Community-recruited women are being sent to Lincoln for their training from other hospitals around the city.

When Joseph Monserrat, director of migration for Puerto Rico, spoke at the center's opening, he reminded those present that Lincoln was once a hospital sick people feared to go to. It is still feared, though now there is hope. The irony of new and old outlooks overlapping is that this new farsighted service is carried on amidst antiquated equipment and prejudices. Intimidation for too many poor people starts right at the front door. You can still ask a receptionist for help and get a moral judgment on your condition for an answer. A light-skinned Puerto Rican woman was recently in labor. A city hospital employee with a clipboard walked in. Between the woman's heavy breathing and groans, he asked her what race she was.

Morris Renek



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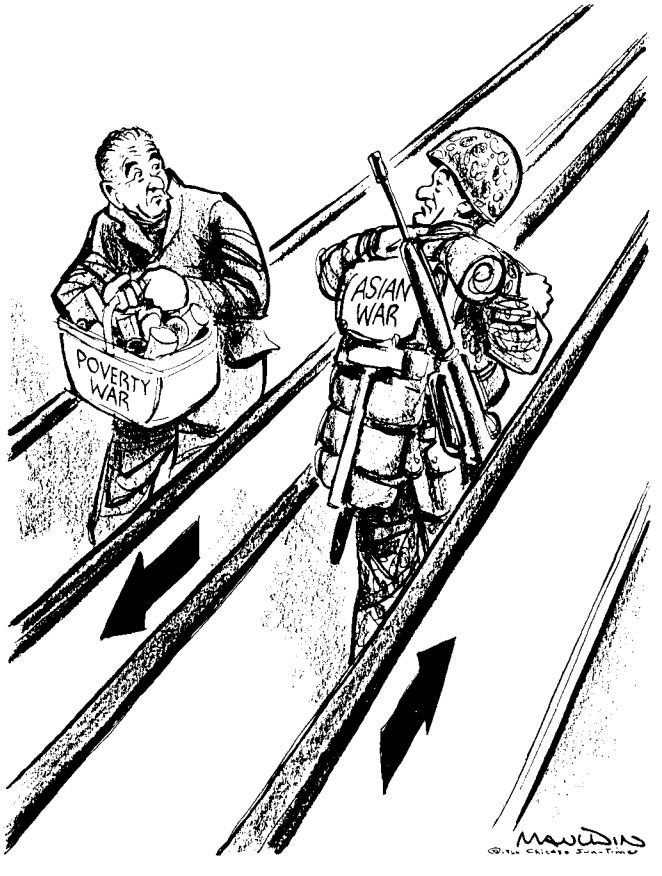
# Little by Little, Less and Less of the OEO

The loudest noise heard in Washington is the sound of Sargent Shriver whistling in the dark. As the lights dim in the Office of Economic Opportunity, Shriver gamely claims that somehow he can keep up the war on poverty. He called a press conference the other day to protest congressional cutbacks in the OEO budget. His words were strong, but it was pretty late in the day to say them. Last summer, when the administration's modest request for $1.75 billion was up before Congress, all was silence. Shriver played with the idea of raising a fuss among the poverty-minded around the country, and he instructed his underlings to see how it might be done. But at least two of Shriver's men were hearing different drummers. Don Baker, the OEO general counsel, and William Phillips, the chief lobbyist, ignored Shriver and decided to cool the congressional campaign. They stopped community protests and refused to let other officials and sympathizers lobby on Capitol Hill.

Shriver apparently felt the ground being cut out from under him; Baker and Phillips were more concerned with what the Bureau of the Budget had to say about antipoverty than in what Shriver wanted. They heard faint signals emanating from the White House itself which sounded like "cut back" and "go slow." The consequence of their cool-it policy was a $138 million cut from the original administration request, and amendments to the Economic Opportunity Act which, for the most part, limited the flexibility and innovative elements of the whole effort.




Shriver's press conference announcement may have been an attempt to do in December what he failed to do in August: marshal "grass-roots" support for a program that will have even more trouble in the 90th Congress. "The poor will feel they have been short-changed," Shriver said. "They will feel they have been double-crossed. The poor will feel that democracy is only for the rich."

The response is likely to be limp. Only in a few isolated areas has the poverty war built the militant constituencies it needs for such game-saving efforts. More often than not, the angriest, toughest people would as soon lead a fight against OEO as for it. When community workers tried to rouse poor people in a Washington slum to fight for more OEO funds, they heard only bitter recriminations against the agency. In any case, Shriver has been unclear enough about his intentions for "community action," and OEO policy has been so contradictory, that convincing pressure is not going to affect Congress this time.

By putting the blame for cutbacks on Congress, Shriver is able to give OEO more freedom to make the kind of arbitrary, political decisions which are increasingly characteristic of the agency. The plea of insufficiency of funds and congressional stipulations can always be used to counter the criticisms of OEO. The rhetoric of democratic participation in deciding who gets what has been remarkably unfulfilled. Decisions are made high up in Washington, with the advice and consent of local Democratic pols. The reasons have little to do with the objective standards which even the bureaucrats themselves use. Thus, funds for Washington's antipoverty agency will be drastically cut this year, but not for the purpose of trimming the agency's top-heavy administration, which would be legitimate. Instead, neighborhood jobs will be eliminated.

Presumably, there will be other jobs provided in new programs – for different poor people. But the OEO judges its work more by statistics than by people. If a hundred poor people have jobs this year, and a hundred had jobs last year, the poverty war is considered a success. No matter that last year's hundred were fired and a new hundred hired; or that the two programs differ hugely in their impact on poverty. Such reasoning was used in Mississippi, where Shriver promised (in a telegram in the September 18 *NR*) that "there *will* be a Head Start." What happened, however, was



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that the OEO killed the Child Development Group of Mississippi, and substituted programs more to Washington's political tastes. Next year, the same number of poor people will have Head Start jobs, and the same number of children will be in the preschools. But the more it seems the same, the more it will change.

How long Shriver and the OEO are for this world is the question of the month. Much OEO work will be delegated by administrative order to other agencies: the new "Kennedy-Javits" program of jobs and training will be handled by the Labor Department, and there are other examples. The Republicans want the OEO dismembered, and its major functions given to other departments – Head Start to Health-Education-Welfare, the Job Corps to Labor, and perhaps Community Action to Housing and Urban Development. The OEO could remain as a nonoperating "think tank." Many Democrats seem to harbor the same ideas. Next year, the "conservative coalition" may make another attempt to break it up, and the White House will probably sit back and let the chips fall. Although the administration will probably not make specific proposals for abolishing OEO, it would not be unhappy to see a face-saving formula devised for its transformation. The President has announced additional cuts in this year's expenditures, and next year's budget request will be appropriately meager. All in all, the evidence mounts that neither Shriver nor the OEO will be around – in their present forms – very much longer.

## *Student Conference at Antioch*

# Who Should Be Drafted?

*Yellow Springs, Ohio*

Of all the draft conferences, past and to come, the largest one under academic sponsorship that may have a chance of influencing the President's commission before it prepares its report (due "on or about January 1") was the one held November 17 to 20 at Antioch College. Businesslike delegates from Berkeley and Brandeis and hot-spots in between began arriving on Thursday, and soon overtaxed the modest accommodations of this little slice of the East Village amidst the pig farms of southwest Ohio.

Students, faculty or administrators came from Reed, Radcliffe, Rutgers, Haverford, Howard, Swarthmore, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Wesleyan, NYU, Michigan, Notre Dame and 20-odd other campuses, and were joined by "observers" from groups like the ACLU and American Friends Service Committee. Although Antioch had sent invitations to hundreds of colleges, very few representatives showed up from Southern, Southwestern or Far Western institutions.

Antioch president James Dixon, the opening speaker, had last spring almost single-handedly revived the locally dormant issue of class-ranking, and had led his administrative council in a vote to abolish the practice. (Antioch students frequently fail to demonstrate on issues that inflame other campuses, because there is no one to tell them not to.) Then, a few weeks ago, Dixon acquiesced in the reversal of the initial decision when another student-faculty council voted to retain ranking, and on the eve of the draft conference he found himself conceding that the issue had produced "a bizarre compromise that left only pain and discontent behind."

Harris Wofford of the Peace Corps flew in on Friday night to make an appeal for a national social service alternative to military conscription. Admitting that he had originally carried his zeal for universal social service to the point of compulsory participation, he now proposes a modified scheme which would allow young men to volunteer for compulsory service. The confusion of some delegates may be excused; they were probably thinking of Willard Wirtz's recent proposal for a national "opportunity" board which ". . . would have no authority whatsoever to dictate or compel the individual's following one course or another." "There would, however," Wirtz had added, "be insistence that he or she use the opportunities afforded."

The most fluent and thoughtful of the principal speakers was Professor William Foster of the University of Wisconsin Law School, who, as chairman of the U of W Committee on Selective Service, has lived with these problems for the past five months. Foster analyzed the alternatives of a system with and without deferments, the rationale and grounds for deferments, and the consequences of universal military service. But he confessed that his own committee, which included the president of the campus Young Republicans and a member of SDS, had at best reached a tentative and uneasy compromise, and that he was himself uncertain of the priority of values when students insist on their right to know their class rank and universities suddenly decide to live up to their philosophies of noncompetitive education. Asked why the Wisconsin committee had not considered the alternatives of national nonmilitary service, Foster replied that it had seemed pointless since, in the event of a sizable military conflict for which there was an inadequate volunteer army, young men would be conscripted out of the Peace Corps, VISTA, etc., and "we would be right back where we started."

Although some of the students and their teachers had come to the conference with long, labored, pre-



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packaged polemics, most of the delegates were open, responsive and prepared to accept limits. There was relatively little discussion of "student power," American foreign policy, the Nuremberg trials, or napalm bombing, although the Vietnam war obviously was never very far off most minds. Much discussion was concerned with defining those areas in which academic folk could take a stand on both moral and educational principles, and what kind of political leverage might be available to them. Although a great majority of the participants were opposed to class-ranking as a method of military selection, most of the arguments were from concepts of social justice rather than principles of individual-oriented liberal education. Among those who preferred to explore the possibilities of eliminating conscription altogether, an ominous development haunted all discussions of how to raise a volunteer army. As one of the Antioch students put it, "You know who will 'choose' to enlist in any army based on financial incentive: the cotton choppers and ghetto dwellers for whom there isn't any real choice anyhow. How will you feel supporting a black mercenary force?"

The most dramatic moment of the conference was arranged by the two students from Yale, who walked out of the plenary session in front of the Huntley-Brinkley film crew. They said they were protesting the "unrealistic" concern with alternatives to conscription and wished to direct the conference back to an acceptance of the Selective Service System and its reform by the substitution of a lottery. Frequently invoking the name of their president, Kingman Brewster Jr., they insisted that the conference was unrepresentative in that most college students presumably supported conscription in some form, and that they hadn't been sent all the way to Ohio to engage in "philosophic speculation." Following their departure an Antioch professor explained that one of them had "privileged information" that the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service had already decided not to consider any alternatives to conscription, and that thus their withdrawal on grounds of political realism might not be without reason. (Kingman Brewster Jr. is a member of President Johnson's advisory commission.) Whereupon Neil Boyer, a research assistant from the commission, who had been sitting unknown and unnoticed in the back of the hall, announced that the 20-man panel had "closed no doors" to consideration of alternatives to selective service. By this time credulity was straining in several directions.

In spite of these potentially paralyzing distractions, the delegates somehow managed to reach majority agreement on a 10-point statement. Two ideas received almost unanimous consent: that under the circumstances the delegates could not be considered official "representatives" of their institutions (what and who after all could they represent?) and were therefore participating as individuals; that the use of class-ranking as a basis for deferment "is inherently unjust, inexact, overly rigid and should be abolished." Other resolutions were more exceptional and less unarguable. Only at times of "grave national peril," the delegates decided, should conscription of any kind be permitted, and even then those with a "conscientious objection on moral, religious, or philosophical grounds to war, or to . . . a particular war" should be exempt. On the other hand most participants considered student deferments entirely repugnant, and agreed that "only a lottery among those eligible meets the standard of equality." Those who found it difficult to debate any alternative methods of conscription continued to press for a purely voluntary military establishment, at least in peacetime (times of peace and war to be defined by acts of Congress), and they tried to escape the implications of mercenary inducement by voting a resolution that ". . . there should be deliberately designed significant yearly turnover in the ranks of the armed forces to protect society against the dangers of a professional army distinct from the general society." What "design" would protect the bewildered volunteer from this obviously frustrating system of incentive and denial is a problem the delegates never got to.

They did, however, get to a couple of problems that have been slowly swelling beneath the surface of public debate for the past several months. Recognizing that large military establishments – like the Selective Service System itself – tend to perpetuate themselves and their applications, the delegates almost unanimously insisted on a "much smaller" establishment than the "presently projected peacetime force." Moreover, the conference turned a collective cold shoulder to the McNamara-Wofford-Wirtz schemes for a comparable social service establishment. Although it shared the belief that ". . . private and public agencies should create the widest possible scope for voluntary services to the nation and the world . . .," it rejected, quite deliberately, "any system which would compel individuals to serve in any capacity, except for military service in time of war."

The participating colleges for the most part sent their wisest men and boys, who were neither too self-serving nor self-righteous; and a collective statement was actually agreed upon in democratic discussion, despite the steady distraction of individual dissent. But many of the participants feared to ask the only functional question, the answer to which still echoes from the Teach-In Era: is anybody listening?

LAWRENCE GRAUMAN JR.

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*Year of the Mandarins*

# The Air of Confidence in Post-Nkrumah Ghana

*Accra*

Ghana looks like finally emerging as something of a showpiece state. Ghana's relations have much improved with its neighbors, the Ivory Coast and Togo. More important is her renewed cooperation with the other three sterling, Commonwealth countries in West Africa – Sierra Leone, Nigeria and the Gambia. Some of the intercountry links which Nkrumah methodically destroyed are to be restored, most probably beginning with a joint airways corporation and a West African High Commission on the lines of the East African Common Services Organization.

If the "February 24 Revolution" had taken place a year earlier, Ghana's internal problems would only be about half as big. Nkrumah pulled the plug from his battered ship only months before he left for the wilderness. Despite unfavorable trade balances for five years, and a dwindling export-value figure (due to last year's cocoa-price crash and a fall in mineral production), Nkrumah actually increased imports last year by a staggering 36.1 percent – mostly building materials and "goods to fill the stores," both wanted to impress the Organization of African Unity Conference.

It was largely this drunken-sailor spending which left Ghana with over $298 million of short-term debts out of a total $1,199 million of obligations – in a country whose annual budget runs to only $559.7 million. The Bank of Ghana's net foreign exchange assets fell from $76 million to less than a million dollars in a matter of weeks, a year ago. With export earnings currently averaging $322 million, Ghana could healthily use about $35 million for debt-servicing. Without special relief, it would have to find about $110 million now.

But for the first time since the unadventurous colonial days, Ghana's economy is no longer being directed by conflicting expedients. E. N. Omaboe, the government statistician who has become the master-planner, is keeping Ghana strictly to the path laid down by the International Monetary Fund; a fresh measure of debt relief is about to be accorded by the IMF, whose permanent representative here, a Pakistani, is popular with Ghanaian leaders.

In the past three years, Ghana's per-capita income has fallen from $199 to $190 while the cost of living has risen 66 percent. To most ordinary Ghanaians, the figures are even grimmer: African foods have risen 96 percent in price since 1963, against 30 percent for European food, tobacco and liquor.

Next year, further government economies are planned, "down to the bone." By mid-1968, Omaboe hopes, the economy will begin to take off again, with a projected increase of three percent, just exceeding the current annual population rise of 2.6 percent. Then, it should grow. Thus, 11 years after independence, West Africa's easiest country to govern, with a diversified economy and the best cadres and civil service of independent Africa, will find itself with real income up only 35 percent, and prices more than doubled. The already-decided industrial projects related to the Volta Hydroelectric Scheme will become productive only by 1971. But growth, it is confidently predicted on all sides here, will be constant, and the basic economy is sound.

In the current circumstances, the population might be expected to be showing signs of a hungry backlash. Austerity has kept prices and shortages where they were under Nkrumah and created considerable unemployment – 35 percent of the salaried labor force in Accra, 20 percent in Kumasi. These can only be absorbed by large-scale farm and road projects (involving unpopular transfers to the boondocks), partly financed by US and West German aid. But the intensive judicial inquiries into corruption are a sop for the common man's anti-Nkrumah anger, as well as a necessity, and the country is still under the pleasant traumatic shock of seeing the dread figure of Nkrumah disappear, after 17 years of noisy, threatening government, into thin air. The four-soldier, four-policeman National Liberation Council and its brains trust of departmental chiefs are themselves surprised, and relieved, at the patience of the multitude.

For the moment, four low-gear political trends can be discerned. Two involve the theoretically nonexistent United Party of the late Dr. J. B. Danquah, which Nkrumah banned and which is affected by the current, presumably temporary, outlawing of party politics. An older group of leaders who suffered jail or exile under Nkrumah seek to promote the leadership of Professor Kofi Busia, the diffident, honest, uncharismatic Oxford don whose presence on the political scene has always seemed improbable. Younger activists in the party look for a more radical leader, a much-mentioned name being that of a convert from Nkrumahism, Ben Bentum, now busy reviewing the long-throttled labor movement.

A small group of Convention Peoples' Party moderates have hitched their wagon to Komla "Kim" Gbedemah, who was Nkrumah's finance minister before fleeing to Switzerland in 1960: but the "ex-CPP" label



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looks like being, in most cases, the kiss of death for a long time yet. A fourth group wants a civilian government headed by the present NLC chairman, General Joseph Ankrah. Almost alone in the NLC, Ankrah genuinely seems to like politics, and exacting senior Ghanaian civil servants give him high marks for the thoroughness with which he has learned the machinery of national administration. To the people, crusty, bow-legged Joe Ankrah, with his 22 children, is a father-soldier figure, a tawny Ike. He responds to a national need to eschew adventure. He may well endure.

No one seeks to rehabilitate Nkrumah as a man or as a president, except for a handful of American and European "liberals" who feel his whiphand manner was the only way of governing "these people." Nkrumah himself, apparently safe from the Interpol arrest warrant (for extortion) for so long as he stays in Guinea – and so long as there is no *coup* there – may go on to Cuba, where, it is said, he thinks he would feel less like a monkey in the zoo than he does as the most conspicuous stranger in Conakry.

Some of Nkrumah's henchmen are still in protective custody, or awaiting trial, or appearing before commissions. More, now released, are keeping quiet in their villages. Most seem sincerely relieved at the change of government, even if they face temporary discredit themselves. Alex Quaison-Sackey, once Nkrumah's chipper ambassador at the UN, is a market analyst for prospective investors. Sam Morris, the Trinidadian confidant who was at the Redeemer's shoulder in Peking when the sky fell in, has opened a Chinese restaurant here with a topical and unsocialist name, "The Mandarin Club."

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

# Anti-Missile Missile for Export?

*by Andrew Hamilton*

Defense Department thinking on the anti-missile missile has undergone a fascinating change within the past two years, stimulated by the rapid pace at which the Chinese have developed nuclear weapons. The new rationale is that the anti-missile missile can help curb the nuclear arms race, particularly if its protection is made available to nonnuclear countries under the nuclear gun. This approach to missile defense is strengthened by improving technology that has cut estimated costs of providing some anti-missile protection for the entire United States from over $20 billion to less than $5 billion. Even the vexing fallout shelter problem appears to have become manageable.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff and Congress want an anti-missile system. The Defense Department's civilian systems analysts support its deployment, which is particularly significant, because Secretary McNamara set them up to give him an independent assessment of the strategic and defense-dollar value of weapons systems proposed by the military.

Many of the chief opponents, who had their say a year ago at the White House Conference on International Cooperation, have left government service. That conference's Committee on Arms Control and Disarmament, among whose members were Roswell Gilpatric, former deputy defense secretary, and Jerome Weisner, former special assistant to the President for science and technology, recommended that the US and the Soviet Union "agree – explicitly or tacitly – to a moratorium of at least three years on new deployment . . . of systems for ballistic missile defense." They gave these reasons: Deployment by either of the superpowers would stimulate the other to step up development and production of offensive strategic weapons and thus induce a new round in the nuclear arms race. Also, there were many unanswered questions about either side deploying the system to protect allies. Finally, there was little insight into the possibly "startling" political impact on Europe.

Now McNamara has announced that the Soviet Union appears to be setting up a ballistic-missile defense (intelligence sources say the Defense Department has had some evidence of this for a year). The US has been intensively studying the question of supplying anti-missile protection to its allies – especially Western Europe and Japan. The defense of India against possible nuclear attack has been examined. Work in this area has gone far enough that the issue has been raised at meetings of the NATO nuclear planning group. In short, the time of the anti-missile missile appears to be at hand, though the debate is not over.

Judging from recent remarks by Sen. Strom Thur-



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mond (D, S.C.) and others there is some misunderstanding of the issue even among supporters of deployment, which is understandable in view of the history of the anti-missile missile.

The anti-missile missile was conceived a decade ago when strategic thinking was concerned almost solely with the threat posed by the Soviet Union. It was thought of as an analogue to the extensive anti-bomber defenses to protect North America. As a consequence, the Army, which had the anti-aircraft assignment, won the anti-missile project despite some sharp interservice bickering. The Army designated the project the Nike-Zeus, and rapidly mounted an intensive public relations campaign for production and deployment of the Zeus. (Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor's famous book, *The Uncertain Trumpet*, included a plea for the Nike-Zeus.) In 1958 Congress voted $137 million to start production, but the money was not spent by President Eisenhower. To sell the incoming Kennedy administration, congressional backers in early 1961 mounted a whirlwind campaign to "loose the Zeus." They failed.

The new Defense Secretary, McNamara, turned the subject over to his analysts who concluded that in missile warfare the attacker held the decisive advantage, and that while some protection for our cities could be obtained by spending $20 billion to $40 billion, the other side could at far less cost simply buy more attacking missiles, employ decoys and other "penetration aids" and overwhelm our defense.

This analysis strengthened the Kennedy-McNamara decision to invest funds for strategic defense primarily in a secure striking force (and, by example, encourage the Soviets to do the same). Protection against nuclear attack would rest on deterrence, and deterrence would rest on the ability of a large part of the striking force of both sides to survive a major nuclear attack and to retaliate. The administration's reluctance in the early sixties to go in for anti-missile defenses was further reinforced by public hubbub over fallout shelters, and the seeming impossibility of ever persuading Congress to appropriate $5 billion or more to build them. Without shelters, an anti-missile system to protect the population against nuclear blast and firestorm would be largely wasted. Nevertheless, work on an advanced anti-missile system called Nike-X continued, in order to "maintain the option" for deployment should circumstances change. To date, over $2 billion has been spent or obligated toward development of Nike-X and Nike-Zeus.

Then, the French and the Chinese demonstrated that nations with relatively small resources could develop nuclear weapons and missiles without much outside help. The Chinese program in particular disturbed US strategists, as it did Far Eastern countries. Proliferation (the "Nth country problem") became a subject of acute concern in Washington.

Sometime around the beginning of 1965 the money spent on Nike-X began to pay off. Scientists made what appears to be a major breakthrough by developing extra-long-range interceptor missiles capable of protecting very large areas from a single launching site. Hitherto, ballistic-missile defenses had relied on "point" coverage. Missiles aimed at New York, for example, could be shot down only by anti-missile batteries grouped around the city. But the new technique – an improvement of the old Zeus – permitted "area" defense, so that a battery in, for example, the Blue Ridge Mountains could protect most of the territory east of the Mississippi. Another important breakthrough which came at about the same time was a refinement of the complicated "multiphase-array" radar for aiming and firing anti-missile missiles. By using a modular design, the scientists were able to "literally order radar by the yard," according to an expert. This opened the possibility of enormous savings, since radar costs are probably the highest in the anti-missile system.

Prospects thus improved that anti-missile defenses might some day be purchased as partial insurance against the destructiveness of a Soviet attack. But the basic advantage enjoyed by the attacker in a full nuclear exchange between superpowers did not change. In his budget presentation to Congress this year, McNamara said that for about $30 billion in missile defenses 70 million lives could be saved in the event of a full Soviet attack; even so, deaths would still mount to 50 million persons, a figure so high as to make it clear that defense by deterrence was still the best bet. He did not recommend deployment of Nike-X, but asked that the development program be continued. (Stressing the advantage of sophisticated attack over sophisticated defense, McNamara coupled his recent disclosure of the Soviet anti-missile with an announcement that a new submarine-launched missile, the Poseidon, will be developed to insure that American weapons will get through to target. Poseidon will carry penetration aids. It will replace Polaris, a weapon judged more vulnerable to anti-missile missiles.)

It was when they turned their attention to nuclear attack from a lesser power than the Soviet Union that the analysts identified the real payoff of the new area defense. It provided a "high confidence" of reducing casualties, from an attack such as Communist China might be able to mount against the United States 10 years from now, to nearly zero. In other words, when the sophisticated radars and anti-missiles of the Nike-X area defense system were arrayed against an unso-

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phisticated and small attacking force, the advantage swung to the side of defense. Moreover, McNamara told Congress last spring, the cost of such a system would be only $8 billion to $10 billion, compared to $20 billion to $30 billion for the more complex, less effective defense against any Soviet attack. And the area defense would also have some utility against Soviet attacks, accidentally launched missiles, and some sophisticated forms of nuclear war short of a total attack.

It has been determined that area defense does away with the need for expensive construction of single-purpose fallout shelters. Instead, exploitation of "inherent" shelter space in existing buildings (including private dwellings) and new construction will suffice. The Office of Civil Defense has quietly spent about $800 million over the past five years on identifying, marking and stocking shelters. It believes that adequate fallout shelter can be provided in the time it would take to deploy an anti-missile system (about five years) with the further expenditure of about $1.5 billion, and perhaps less, without a major construction effort. This is a far cry from the $5 billion shelter construction program which was envisioned in 1961 and 1962.

So area defense for the United States, providing protection against a possible Chinese or "Nth country" attack, will cost less than $5 billion over a period of five years, if the new estimates hold firm. Any conceivable Chinese attack against the United States is nearly 10 years off. And other new national nuclear forces are probably even further off, giving time for further study, McNamara says. But the Chinese *will* have missiles capable of reaching Japan and India within two or three years, and in Europe the West Germans are still nervous about the Russians. (Soviet deployment of an anti-missile system, believed to be of the area type, was probably initiated in response to the fact that the Soviet Union, unlike the United States, is on not one but at least three target lists: France, Britain, the US – and perhaps China. An effective Soviet area defense, while of marginal utility against the American threat, would virtually neutralize the relatively few missiles planned by France and Britain. It would also make it hard for Germany to obtain a meaningful missile threat on its own. And it would provide insurance against the Chinese.)

In this context, the American anti-missile missile takes on new significance as an anti-proliferation missile. Overseas deployment in Western Europe could be an answer to German demands for a more effective defense against the 700 to 800 Soviet medium-range missiles supposedly targeted on NATO. It might prove attractive to Britain and France as an alternative to a highly expensive (for them) upgrading of their offensive nuclear weapons to override Soviet anti-missile defenses. The cost of even a system with a high mix of point defenses would be lower than the cost of protecting the United States, by half or less, since there is less territory to defend. It could be as low as $5 billion to $10 billion, depending on how many countries were covered.

Overseas deployment of an area defense in the Far East would neutralize the nuclear threat of Chinese missiles to Japan, India, Formosa and other countries. Again, its cost would be lower than the $3 billion to $5 billion for area defense of the United States: in the case of India, perhaps half as much; in the case of Japan, perhaps less than half. And to develop their own nuclear weapons and missiles would cost these countries far more than to buy the anti-missile missile, or share the costs of deployment.

Any overseas deployment would have to be preceded by a decision to set the system up in the United States, if only because domestic political pressures would insist on it. But deployment of even an area defense system could strengthen the credibility of the US pledge to defend Europe or any other region. The expense of deployment in the US would be low in comparison with other major defense projects. (Poseidon alone will cost more.) And the area defense system could be expanded to a system designed against a Soviet attack if deemed necessary.

If the anti-missile missile is made available to allies and even to nonaligned nations, some strategists think, it will provide the nonnuclear countries with the sense of security necessary for a nonproliferation treaty to succeed. Without some such security, most informed officials agree, the prospects are dim that say India and Japan will resist pressures to get nuclear weapons, even if they sign a treaty. (The treaty would be nothing more than an unenforceable gentleman's agreement in any case.) In the event a nonproliferation treaty is not signed, the anti-missile missile would still offer many nations an attractive, low cost alternative to having their own expensive and provocative offensive nuclear forces.

Since the anti-missile missile is a nuclear weapon, the question of control remains troublesome. Technology offers some answers here too. Anti-missile missiles and their nuclear warheads can be rendered incapable of offensive use. Thus they can be classed as purely defensive nonprovocative weapons, and this defensive character can be verified by inspection. Also, area defense coverage for Western Europe, Japan or India can be mounted from ships if necessary. All of these questions are being studied in the Defense and State Departments.

While the strategists are thus pondering the anti-missile missile as a curb on proliferation, it would be



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worth their while to examine the possibility of joint action by the two superpowers to provide both guarantees and anti-missile protection to nonaligned nations such as India. In the technology of area defense against missile attack the United States and the Soviet Union are probably not far apart. And they have demonstrated a common interest in ending proliferation of nuclear weapons and in protecting India.

Such cooperation might even, some day, extend to the Central European front.

# Beating de Gaulle's Veto

*by Keith Kyle*

*London*

There is much broader national support behind Britain's new drive to get into the European Common Market at "a hell of a pace" (the phrase is Harold Wilson's) than in 1962-63, and a far greater expectation of failure. The prime minister's assertion that "we mean business" was followed up with columns of applause from businessmen and editorial writers flanked by dispatches from Paris stating dogmatically that nothing is changed and General de Gaulle's veto still stands.

This has left even informed opinion in a fog, not ameliorated by the prompt appearance in its midst of Paul Henri Spaak, the retired "Mr. Europe" who crossed the Channel to tell first a private meeting of Labour MPs and then the influential Foreign Affairs Club that Britain should lose not a moment in entering the Community, and that she should join forces with true (*i.e.* federalist) Europeans in challenging every one of President de Gaulle's characteristic policies and attitudes, even to the point of helping France's partners to reopen the terms and conditions of the common agricultural policy.

British ministers are very far from taking it for granted that they are going to be blackballed, and there are some reasons for thinking they may be right. *Pace* M. Spaak, the fact that the Community's common agricultural policy (CAP) has at last been settled, since July, as between the Six is one of them. This is a very substantial achievement since a CAP has never hitherto been a feature of a customs union between independent states, the very reason why the Treaty of Rome was unable to spell out its own agricultural provisions in much detail. For France, however, the sharing by others of the expense of subsidizing the replacement of her peasant economy by a commercial agriculture which would supply a continental market and export its surpluses to the world on a two-price system was the essential counterpart of dropping her traditionally high industrial protection.

Now that the French are satisfied, they will no doubt make a great point about a new member's needing to accept all the Community's decisions as well as the original Treaty of Rome rules. Everyone who has been through the awesome experience of drawing up the agricultural decisions will surely, despite M. Spaak, be very keen to avoid a replay. This is advice which Messrs. Wilson and Brown, on their projected Grand Tour of the capitals of the Six to see what the prospects of negotiation really are, will probably get not only in Brussels but also in Bonn.

What would rather take the wind out of these Gaullist sails would be for the Wilson government simply to accept the common agricultural policy, merely requesting a seven-year transitional period to move from one system of farm support to the other. (Such a transition is so much in accordance with the Community's standard procedure that not even France would challenge the principle, though there would be arguments about stages and total length.) It is certainly a clumsy system from the British point of view, raising food prices to the consumer, giving excessive incentives to some farm products (mainly wheat, milk and beef cattle) while lowering the return to British farmers for others (pigs, eggs, chicken, fruit and vegetables), and involving an extremely awkward additional payment in foreign exchange of some $600-million a year in levies collected on food Britain would still need to import from outside the Community. It would also be disobliging to the Australian and Canadian exporters, who would find themselves discriminated against by more high-priced European rivals. (New Zealand which would be sunk by a literal appli-

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cation of the treaty to her would by general, including French, consent be specially taken care of.)

But although Wilson has been muttering about "safeguarding essential British and Commonwealth interests," the strong impression in London is that he has looked hard at all these drawbacks and, recognizing them to be disagreeable but finding them outweighed by the positive economic merits of British membership, has decided, if needs must, to swallow the lot.

There is a second sense in which the completion of the CAP may be of help. The delay over this had for years been holding up the Kennedy Round trade negotiations in Geneva. If it had continued unsettled a month or two longer there would have been no possibility of beating the July 1, 1967 deadline set by the US Congress for the expiry of the Trade Expansion Act which gives the President wide tariff-cutting authority. Timing of the new British initiative, after the CAP was completed and just in advance of the major bargaining sessions in Geneva, will, it is hoped, enable many of the world trade issues that overloaded the 1962-63 Brussels negotiations to be dealt with in advance at a world level. This is important because the general impression in European capitals is that the slimmer the agenda at any future round of negotiations on British entry, the less opportunity for de Gaulle's men to filibuster, obfuscate, prove to all that Britain was not psychologically "ready" to go European.

A second major point in Britain's favor this time as compared with 1963 is that the Nassau agreement between Macmillan and Kennedy, which, as General de Gaulle recently confirmed, was the immediate cause of his use of the veto, has to all intents and purposes petered out. The Labour Party was actually committed by its 1964 election platform to "renegotiate" the agreement. It did not literally succeed in doing so, because, for one thing, four of the five Polaris missile systems for Britain were too advanced for cancellation. But presumably the aspect of Nassau which de Gaulle found most objectionable was the British agreement to a multilateral nuclear force to which the future British underwater deterrent would be permanently committed. This, he considered, made Britain a military satellite of the United States and thus disqualified her for European status.

Fortunately the Labour government's project for an Atlantic Nuclear Force (ANF) which was designed to honor the pledge to "renegotiate" has worked like an anti-missile missile. It has blown up the idiotic MLF (Multilateral Nuclear Force) while blowing itself up in the process. Technically the two stricken projects are still before the NATO governments. But they are no longer alive enough to constitute even for General de Gaulle a presentable reason for barring Britain. It is, of course, true that the cancellation of a number of advanced British military aircraft and the decision to buy American instead may have confirmed de Gaulle in his former opinion. But as against this there have been in recent years a mounting number of joint Anglo-French aircraft projects in various stages of talk or action, the supersonic transport Concord being the most sensational and furthest advanced. And according to the doctrine laid down in the last British Defense White Paper the F-111s to be purchased from the US are only meant to fill a gap in time before the projected Anglo-French swing-wing planes are ready to replace them. It is the French who have now begun to throw doubts on this project because of leaping cost estimates and the competing strains of their nuclear program.

### *The Pooling of Technology*

This leads to the third factor that might help ease negotiations: the acute awareness of all West European countries, including Britain and France, of the alarming gulf opening up between American levels of investment in research and technology and those of the European states put together. Americans are outspending Europeans in developing the sophisticated products of tomorrow by a ratio of about four-to-one every year. The result is that in the second, science-based industrial revolution Europe may be nowhere, and that before long all the major growth industries in Europe may be owned by Americans. Here Britain is in a position to make a major contribution; inadequate though her research and development record is, she outspends the rest of Western Europe put together; she possesses skill and inventive power in excess of the scale of her present home market.

It was therefore sound psychology on the part of Harold Wilson to couple his announcement of a new British initiative in Europe with a proposal for a technological community. On the other hand, defense procurement is so intimately bound up with the high levels of research in the US and the Soviet Union that one wonders how the full benefits of a technological community are to be achieved unless there is a common European defense policy. The increasing difficulty of harmonizing specifications for Anglo-French military aircraft, for example, arises in some cases from the fact that the British have uses for such planes east of Suez and the French do not. And could such intimate technological pooling be visualized without the closest links between British and French nuclear policies? There is, in short, a bait in this for de Gaulle, but also a big temptation to counterploy on the grand scale – to put the British candidate for Europehood through a major initiation test to see



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whether the postulant has shaken off sufficiently such past heresies as respect for the prohibitions of the McMahon Act.

Finally, there is a fourth possible factor working for Wilson which can be of little satisfaction to France's existing partners (and which greatly shocked M. Spaak when the suggestion was put to him a little brutally in London). It lies in the desire of General de Gaulle, made evident during the June 1965-January 1966 constitutional crisis within the Community, to exploit every diplomatic opportunity to erode the supranational features of existing European institutions.

When the French agreed last January at Luxembourg to resume their participation in the Community's work at the end of a seven-month boycott, they insisted on registering their unilateral view that "when very important issues are at stake, discussion must be continued until unanimous agreement is reached," provisions of the Treaty of Rome to the contrary notwithstanding. So far the open disagreement on this principle has not produced a new crisis, since the French have allowed themselves to be outvoted on one minor question and nothing divisive that could be called "very important" has since come up.

The acceptance of new members is not directly involved, since at all stages of the Community's evolution this requires unanimity. But it might well occur to France that the desire of the Five to admit Britain would be a brilliant opportunity to wrench concessions out of them on this and cognate matters. Of these there are several pending. For example, the decision to merge the executives of the three communities (Coal-Steel, Common Market and Euratom) cannot at present be implemented because of disagreement over the personnel of the new combined executive. Such is the distrust in which French intentions are held, that the Dutch and Belgian parliaments decline to make the necessary ratifications of this merger until the new commissioners' names have been agreed upon. (The Netherlands, it may be noted, is every bit as tough in using its bargaining opportunities to strengthen the federalist features of the Community as France is in seeking to undermine them. It was the Dutch, abetted by Professor Hallstein, president of the Common Market Commission, who sparked off the constitutional crisis by trying to tie a bunch of federalist riders onto the last installment of the CAP so much desired by France. This gave de Gaulle his pretext for starting the boycott.)

It is well known that the French want to get rid of Professor Hallstein, whose term has expired and who is only continuing because of a treaty provision that commissioners' terms are automatically extended if there is no unanimity about reappointing or replacing them. The Five on the other hand want Hallstein as the first president of the new combined executive, since they, in direct contrast to de Gaulle, approve of the way in which he has advanced the stature of his office. The quarrel goes even beyond this. The French prefer to appoint civil servants and technicians with a passion for anonymity to the new single commission, rather than outstanding personalities prominent in their own right. They would downgrade the presidency by making it rotate among the members every second year.

Furthermore, there is a strong belief among the Five that when the merger of the executives is followed logically by the merger of the three communities themselves and their treaties, making the much-needed common energy policy a feasibility, this will be taken by France as the golden opportunity to eliminate all references to supranationality, especially in the mandate of the Coal-Steel High Authority. Theoretically, this authority has sovereign powers in its limited field – which are not in so many words conferred on any other of the European executives. In a sense the High Authority still represents the most provocative federalist breakthrough – and therefore is a most important symbol for those who hope that one day federalism will regain momentum, though in practice the High Authority's powers, too narrowly defined, are proving ineffective to deal with the present state of chronic excess capacity in both coal and steel.

### *Is de Gaulle Anti-Community?*

The removal of the challenge to national sovereignty, and the subordination of the economic executives to European political leadership operating on the principle of unanimity, have been consistent long-term objectives of France since de Gaulle took office. But it would be a great mistake to assume that because he wants to reduce the commissions to the level of advisory technical bodies he is against the European Community having a political content. Both in his press conference of September 9, 1965, while the boycott of the Community was still on, and in that of February 21 this year when it was just over and he was announcing French withdrawal from the organizational part of NATO, he emphasized the need for political union and linked this project with the question of admitting new members.

"In opposition to this project devoid of all realism" (*i.e.* a European federation), de Gaulle had said at the September conference, "France proposed a plan for organized cooperation between the states, evolving no doubt toward a confederation. . . . *This plan alone would one day permit other countries like England and Spain to join in* because these countries like ourselves do not wish to lose their sovereignty." And



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again in February he held up the performance of the foreign ministers' meeting at Luxembourg as a model of how broader issues should be tackled.

"Since, following Luxembourg," he said, "the economic organization of the Six has resumed its normal course, France believes it is more than ever appropriate to put political meetings into practice." Then, calling for joint action among the Six "in such fields as science, technology, culture and space on which the future of mankind depends" (a phrase that might have given Harold Wilson the idea of proposing his technological community), he added that "the union of the Six, once achieved – *and all the more if it comes to be supplemented then by new European memberships* and associations – can and must be toward the United States a valid partner in all areas, I mean powerful and independent." If de Gaulle could first be satisfied that a Europe in which Britain participated would in fact be independent of the United States, then he might well consider it worthwhile trading his veto for bitter concessions of principle by the Five.

But the proviso in this assessment is all important. Wilson's "east of Suez" policy, which is becoming increasingly unpopular in Britain itself, does in de Gaulle's opinion make Britain excessively dependent on the US, militarily, financially, diplomatically. So does the use of sterling as an international reserve currency. In both of these cases, de Gaulle's views are shared by many outside France who would not themselves choose to go to his lengths in advancing them. And over sterling he can expect support in the Commission, thus enabling him to play his little game of being "the best communitarian of them all."

### *That "Special Relationship"*

Behind all this lies the more fundamental question of the "special relationship" between Whitehall and Washington. Not only must this be seen to be dead if Britain is to be taken as a "valid partner" into Europe, but a "special relationship" with the European capitals, especially the capital of France, must be seen to have replaced it. This does not mean that Britain should pick phony quarrels in public with the US simply in order to ingratiate itself with de Gaulle. That would be absurd. But Britain will have to free itself, if it really wants to get into Europe, from its habit of instinctive deference to American opinion.

Was it, for example, absolutely necessary for the former foreign secretary, Michael Stewart, to incorporate so entirely into his speeches the State Department's historically indefensible version of how the present situation in Vietnam arose? If the notion of making a new effort to get into the Common Market was already in the government's mind, need Stewart have been quite so eagerly prominent in rounding up NATO's Fourteen to denounce France's withdrawal from the organization? Granted that the present foreign secretary, George Brown, is well known to be a "European," was his first major speech on the new approach to Brussels quite the right time to emphasize that nothing in this policy was intended to alter the ties that bind Britain to the United States?

A short time ago there was a small but very characteristic episode, which provided a perfect specimen of those long-ingrained habits of thought of the British establishment (not this time Labour ministers, but the same sort of people as those who currently advise them) which grate in the Elysée. The House of Lords was debating Sterling and World Trade. Lord Harlech (President Kennedy's great friend, David Ormsby-Gore), deputy leader of the opposition and former ambassador in Washington, argued in urgent terms that matched very closely those of de Gaulle's favorite economist, Jacques Rueff, that "there is now a very real danger of a technically induced world trade recession." He alluded to Rueff's proposed solution of doubling the price of gold, only to dismiss it instantly in these words: "But in fact it is not worthwhile arguing the case, because the decisive voice in this matter rests with the United States and they are not going to increase the price of gold and so devalue the dollar and 'there's an end of it' as Dr. Johnson would have said." And the ex-ambassador of the Eisenhower age, Lord Sherfield (the former Sir Roger Makins) added sagely: "As regards the price of gold there are many theoretical reasons for contemplating the step of raising its value, but there is one decisive practical argument against it, already given by Lord Harlech – namely, that the United States would not agree."

Now it happens that in this case there is a rather strong, purely British argument against pursuing a course that would strengthen the resources of South Africa at a time when Britain is in imminent danger of coming into collision with that country. But this argument was never used. And so long as the climate of opinion exists in London in which a proposal, strongly advocated by France but unpopular in the United States, is automatically ruled out of court without discussion of its merits, there is no hope of the French veto vanishing.

This in turn raises the question of what degree of importance the United States any longer attaches to British membership in the Common Market. In the late 1880's Bismarck once sent a message through informal channels to Lord Salisbury, then both prime minister and foreign secretary of Britain, begging him not to be so overtly pro-German in his policies lest he compromise his political survival. Perhaps now is the time for LBJ to drop a similar hint to Mr. Wilson.



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# An Apology for Pornography

*by Peter Michelson*

Trickster, the archetypal fool of Winnebago Indian mythology, was possessed of a phallus so large that he had to carry it over his shoulder. He did not, according to the legend, know either what it was or how it was to be used. But its very bulk reassured him against those who ridiculed his subjection to the huge burden and claimed he could not rid himself of it. For to carry it required, after all, a substantial and unique strength. This mockery, however, eventually took its toll, and Trickster wearied of the weight and mystery; he determined therefore to remove them. Whereupon he discovered, of course, that the joke was on him. Great as it was, his strength could not equably bear the burden, nor his wit devise a release from it.

This is a sobering myth. Rather than celebrating power and potency, like most phallic legends, it documents man's sexual anxiety and ignorance. But it is honest, more honest than men customarily are about their sexuality. There are, for instance, primitive Australian tribes whose traditional teaching does not recognize that copulation causes pregnancy. And the traditions are honored; pregnancy is explained by the woman having slept under a certain tree or having been graced by the light of the moon. In their hearts – and presumably their loins – they may know what's what, but they must speak with a forked tongue.

Nor is this paralyzing duality peculiar to primitive cultures. The stable civilized culture is even more afraid of its own beastly libido (this neurosis is the subject of Weyland Young's *Eros Denied*). Whether rational (as in Plato's *Republic*) or hysterical (as in the Salem witch trials) such a fear attacks the culture's particular libido image. The literature of sexuality has been every bit as victimized by hysteria as were Sacco and Vanzetti. Pornography, it is supposed, constitutes both a social and psychic threat. Society will be terrorized by the rampant lewdness induced by pornographic books – our wives and daughters raped, law and order dissolved. And our sons (somebody has to do the raping) will either be driven to mad carnality or will become idiots driveling in the wake of luxurious onanism. *We – i.e.* the patriarchal we – of course remain impervious.

The legal starting point is the social threat. And here the machinations of the courts at all levels to find evidence of social value in "pornographic" books have resulted in monumental irrelevance. While there are responsible decisions, such as Judge Woolsey's judgment in favor of *Ulysses*, their irony is that, however good they are in particular, they are based on the wrongheaded obscenity laws. Judge Woolsey was critically right to find that *Ulysses* is a complex work, the end of which is not obscenity. But he felt compelled to explain away the pornography and obscenity that are in the novel in order to grant its freedom. The real issue is articulated by Judge Frank's dissenting opinion about the Roth case in 1956. He defined the issue as whether or not pornography, quite distinctly from its social or artistic merit, constitutes a "clear and present danger" to society. He argues that there is no evidence that it does and that such research as has been done is either inconclusive or negates the idea that crimes or neuroses are caused by pornography. Until such time as there is evidence of this, Judge Frank's seems to me the only reasonable standard. There is nevertheless the kind of decision reached through the Supreme Court's recent caprice in the Ginzberg case. In that decision, incisively criticized by Justice Douglas, the character of the book is determined by the kind of advertising with which it is merchandised! An observation of censorship in *Rights and Writers* suggests the sort of patriarchal hysteria which seems to prompt such decisions: "We know of no case where any juror or judge has admitted that *he* found material erotically stimulating or a stimulus to irregular conduct; on the contrary, the expression of concern is always that someone else or some other class of people will be corrupted."

We don't prosecute books or television for misrepresenting marriage, or politics, or religion, or war. But we do prosecute where we think sex has been misrepresented. Plato, for all the dangers of his moral metaphysics, would have at least prosecuted all supposed stupidities equally. It would be neither more nor less criminal in his republic to represent man as pure sexuality than it would be to represent marriage as pure idyll or God as pure saccharine.

As usual in the event of emergency, it's women and children first. But such data as we have (*e.g.* the Kinsey reports, and the Glueck studies for the Harvard Law School) indicate that pornography has little or no effect on women or children. There probably is a

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psychic threat, but a threat no greater than that posed by any popular fantasy literature. Emma Bovary shows that a mind deluded by romance will make a bad job of reality. That is the danger of romance or fantasy whenever and in whatever way it dominates the mind. And pornography is a kind of romance but no more socially or psychically pernicious than the romance of passion that dominates the lives of Emma Bovary or Heathcliff or the mundane romance of *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. The representation of life as all passion or all idyll or all sexuality is a delusion but not one that will determine the behavior of any but an already pathological personality. A *preoccupation* with pornography or any other kind of romance may be an index of mental imbalance or even potential criminality, but it is certainly not a cause.

### *Limitless Potency, Limitless Libido*

To understand the contemporary working of pornography we must conceive the term in its widest context. Originally it signified writings about prostitutes. But as amateur promiscuity has increasingly supplied erotic fantasy material, pornography has created a new and larger being, *homo sexualis*. This has two images, the erect phallus and the carnal woman. The phallic symbol has become not only a psychological and literary commonplace, but also a cultural joke, and we are long since accustomed to finding one in everything from a new Buick to the Empire State Building. But the female image of *homo sexualis* – the essential pornographic image – is never funny, even in parody. Al Capp's cartoon women, for example, parody this image, enormously breasted and buttocked. But even the parody rides the edge of lust, and these images are much more desirable than ridiculous. For the pornographic world is peopled with men of limitless potency and women of limitless libido. O, the protagonist in *Story of O*, is a good contemporary example. No concerns in the narrative are allowed to obscure the translation of her total existence into terms of sexuality.

In what is perhaps the best critical study of pornography, *Pornography and the Law*, Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen observe that, "Both erotic realism and pornography, each in their own way, fulfill certain functions and answer basic needs in the human psyche which have been recognized by many societies and periods; for instance, in ancient Greece and Rome, in the Near East, as well as in China, Japan and India, where erotic art and literature have always been integral parts of the total culture." In whatever art form, pornography documents both man's neurotic and his archetypal concern with sexuality. The neurotic (not to be confused with the pathological) engagement with pornography is the private confrontation of the individual psyche with its sexual needs. The larger cultural engagement with pornography is the public confrontation with archetypal – and usually subliminal – sexual impulses. Pornography then, for better or worse, is the imaginative record of man's sexual will. Let's look briefly at some of the implications of this.

Steven Marcus (*The Other Victorians*) suggests that there is an inverse correspondence between a rising concentration on the dominating and sadistic image of masculine sexuality in pornography and the diminishing actuality of these qualities in real life. He finds evidence for this in the extravagant sense of phallic power so characteristic of pornography, where, as he puts it, "the penis becomes the man: it does the thrusting and not the man; it is its own agent." And in the world of pornography, where sexuality is the prime mover, the penis takes on a kind of omnipotence. Marcus tends to regard this extravagant phallic metaphor as another sign of pornography's juvenility. But its psychological dimensions signify something well beyond the rhetorical crudeness of its masculine vanity.

In her book *Psychic Energy* M. Esther Harding, a colleague and student of Jung, analyzes what might be called the sexual ages of man. The earliest stages are phallic, in which man is synecdochically conceived as penis. There are intermediate stages, where sexuality is stylized and idealized. The graphic representations of the early stages are of course the graffiti of the ages – phallic imagery and symbology. The intermediate stages are represented in the expansion of man's image from penis alone to the whole body – *e.g.* in stylized nude statuary. The advanced stages, dealing in emotional as well as physical sexuality, are more difficult of representation. The dynamics of psychic sexuality are beyond the static restrictions of painting and sculpture, but perhaps the film can overcome this. Yukio Mishima's recent film *Rites of Love and Death* or the Swedish film *Dear John* may be examples. But the point is that we do experience these archetypal sexual ages, perhaps all of them simultaneously, and in both a personal and cultural context. And it is a natural impulse to express them. Pornography, in the sense that I am defining it, is the primal manner of this expression. As our knowledge of sexuality increases and is assimilated into the culture, as psychological studies (we are still explicating Freud, Jung, *et al*), sociological studies (such as the Kinsey reports), and physiological studies (such as Masters' and Johnson's recent *Human Sexual Response*) give us greater understanding of human sexuality, so will pornography, the literature of that sexuality, exhibit a greater artistic sophistication.

A comparison of the contemporary *Story of O* with the eighteenth century *Memoirs of a Woman of*



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*Pleasure (Fanny Hill)* will authenticate this evolutionary progress. *Fanny Hill* describes a prostitute's life, with the end of exploiting the obvious orgasmic stimuli in the subject. Fantasy is central to this end, and to induce it a kind of realism is affected through description of an occupation where rampant sexuality is made believable so that the reader can identify with it. Thus the action adopts the epistolary narrative device, the trappings of a specific sociological setting (eighteenth century London), and is resolved with a gratuitous moral apostrophe on virtue and honor. In these respects it parodies the techniques of the eighteenth century novel. Fanny's first letter puts it thus: "Truth! stark, naked truth, is the word; and I will not so much as take the pains to bestow the strip of a gauze wrapper on it, but paint situations such as they actually rose to me in nature, careless of violating those laws of decency that were never made for such unreserved intimacies as ours; and you have too much sense, too much knowledge of the ORIGINALS themselves, to sniff prudishly and out of character at the PICTURES of them. The greatest men, those of the first and most leading taste, will not scruple adorning their private closets with nudities, though, in compliance with vulgar prejudices, they may not think them decent decorations of the staircase, or salon."

This is a good and true argument. But it is rather a rhetorical gambit persuading the reader to believe in the descriptions and not feel guilt, which would of course ruin their effect. From this point the novel turns a standard eighteenth century plot into a paradise of erotic fantasy. Fanny, a poor, provincial innocent, goes to London where she is deflowered and debauched by urban decadence and aristocratic profligacy. In a nice touch, the story is resolved when Fanny is reunited with her first despoiler and true love; they marry and live ever after in virtue, honor and penitence. The key here is that the story is essentially description of sexual acts to the end of inducing some kind of orgasmic fantasy. Although the standard situations of the early English novel are employed – Fanny's world is shot through with the vicissitudes of poverty and innocence in the clutches of City and Aristocracy – the story is altogether focused on fantastic sexuality. There is a suggestion of moral causality, but it is so slight and so overshadowed by sex that it signifies nothing. There is no attempt to *explore* any of the implicit moral or psychic problems.

## *The Story of O*

The essence of *Fanny Hill* is simplicity, simplicity of theme and simplicity of description. *Story of O*, on the other hand, adopts the complexity of abstraction and metaphor so characteristic of the modern novel. It is a metaphor of love as libido. If that figure contains all the paraphernalia of pornography – whips, chains, tortures, sadism, masochism, masculine power, feminine submission, sexual anonymity (At one point O is blindfolded and brought into a room where "*A* hand seized one of her breasts, *a* mouth fastened on the tip of the other." Sex without superego.), and so on – it also contains the complex apparatus of the psyche. O submits herself to a brotherhood of sexuality which exploits and punishes her body, exorcises her will, dominates her total being, and finally is the cause of her self-destruction. She gives herself again to her surrogate lover, proving and taking refuge in her capacity of love; he abandons her also and she kills herself, but only after securing her master's permission.

The story provides, thus, two erotic points of view. From the masculine perspective it describes a complete liberation of the sexual libido. Men possess and enjoy O anonymously, without consequence or emotional responsibility. Her need for love brings her to them, which is a nice male power fantasy. And once they are through with her she is simply discarded; they have in fact the power of life and death, another nice male power fantasy. But from the female viewpoint the story arouses intense anxiety, a sure antidote to pornographic fantasy. O's captivity may be ended whenever she wishes, but to wish it is to forfeit the love she so desperately needs. Thus she is confronted constantly by the fear of loss. And of course she does lose that love, twice. And the consequence is suicide. Here is another classic female anxiety, that love for a man will subsume self identity, and the loss of the love will leave her without reason to be.

What is important here is that O becomes the ur-woman in quest of love. She is thus exposed to its complete domination and consequent agony. Is she, then, an allegorical figure, perhaps the first *Everywoman*? Certainly everything about her is feminine stereotype – her love, her submissiveness, her sexuality, her annihilation of self, her anxieties, everything. At one point in *Peyton Place* (also written, remember, by a woman) a young girl says to her paramour, "Come on Honey. Love me a little. . . . Come on Honey. . . . Hard. . . . Do it hard, Honey. Bite me a little. Hurt me a little." This is O's position; except she says, "Hurt me a *lot*." On the one hand, she is the answer to every man's secret dream. On the other hand, she is an object awful in her implications. It is the former quality that makes her story pornographic. And it is the latter quality that takes her story beyond simplistic exploitation of sexual fantasy and lets it metaphorically explore a fundamental human condition.

Admittedly, these examples have higher artistic claims than most pornography. But I am interested



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here in its nature and artistic potential, and must consider therefore its highest stages of development. The hard core or commercial pornography is static and its ends are served by the simplest of descriptive techniques and rhetorical gambits (see Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen's *Pornography and the Law* and Steven Marcus' *The Other Victorians* for analyses of pornographic structure). But there is another and higher form of pornography which might be called *literary;* it is an exploration of human sexuality. This is real pornography (not what the Kronhausens call erotic realism). It does more than exploit its subject. We are, as Freud observed, *all* of us more or less neurotic. One aspect of human neurosis is the rhythm of expectations and frustrations which marks our sexual lives. Pornography on its lowest level exploits this rhythm by providing easy fantasy gratifications. On its highest level it *explores* this rhythm, its moral and psychic implications, and to the degree that it does this it is poetic. This is the pornography being absorbed into what we call Literature, and it is represented by such works as *O*. The fact of pornography's evolution out of its own genre and into the larger literature means that pornography must also be considered as a rhetorical device for that literature. Faulkner, for example, although no mere pornographer, is certainly one of the most pornographic of modern writers. He often uses pornographic scenes and situations (the cockpit copulation in *Pylon,* the romance of Mink Snopes in *The Hamlet,* etc.) to articulate his total scheme. It is perhaps in this latter rhetorical role that pornography will assume its final form and have its greatest significance.

### *Denying Human Sexuality*

What I have been arguing is that pornography, like any literature, is a way of knowing. The irony of its subject, sex, is the irony of another social pariah, the whore. We either deny its literary existence or privately acknowledge our private intimacies with it; and we are correspondingly either astonished or embarrassed to meet it on the street. Critically, if we don't ignore pornography altogether, we condescend to it like reformed sugar-daddies. Legally we invoke "contemporary community standards" against it, as if they were not a fantasy morality derived from vestigial Puritanism rather than human experience. And thus we insure our ignorance of what it can tell us about the interaction of moral imagination and sexual being. Meanwhile science, having escaped community standards and academic condescension in the guise of a white coat, goes on documenting a reality we deny our imagination.

For Plato the true was necessarily the beautiful. For us the true is much more likely to be the ugly or grotesque. A whole tradition argues this. Stanley Kowalski calls on his "colored lights," but it is finally the bright white light of revelation that brings the play's moment of truth and beauty – Blanche, Stanley and Mitch all exposed, ugly and helpless. And Martha and George in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* expend their full energies to show their young guests the true, the blushful Hippocrene – their monumental ugliness. Our literature adopts an aesthetic that aims to reveal the ugly as the true, and it often uses the sexual libido, which our culture has turned into a species of the ugly, as part of its rhetoric.

For the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries ugliness was artistically tolerable only when used as a dialectical agent (*e.g.* satire) to enforce the idea of a beautiful and harmonious nature. It was an aesthetic that dismissed all aberrations as irrelevant. Contemporary aesthetic practice uses this process but reverses the values. Like Satan, it says, "Evil, be thou my good," and plays the role of devil's advocate, using the ugly to penetrate a cosmos no longer thought to be either benevolent or harmonious. It is at best indifferent, at worst malign. The ugly, then, becomes an ironic figure of revelation, exposing an implaccable universe unrelieved by moral or spiritual design. Sartre's concepts of *slime* and *nausea* are eloquent statements of an aesthetic of the ugly. And the Theater of the Absurd is its most prominent practitioner. Pornography, the kind represented by *Story of O,* is a manifestation of the ugly. It does not romanticize sexuality; sex, unlike John's other wife, is not beautiful. It is simply there, at the center of man's life, dominating love, aspiration, happiness, all human experience.

Perhaps, as Freud suggests, our sexual impulses cannot be gratified without being cultural outlaws. Perhaps sexuality requires being worked out through cultural taboos. If so, this argues a fearful human necessity. We take LSD trips in an effort to find (or escape from) the true and maybe the beautiful. The danger is that our vision (perhaps of ourselves) will be destructive and make us flip altogether. But our ignorance is desperate enough so that we take the risk. Although the dangers are much smaller, pornography is part of this contemporaneous urgency to pursue the true. It too explores the unknown and therefore fearful in us. Our glimpses into that world refute our private and public lies. We can keep going – into the psyche as into space – and risk the dislocations that new knowledge brings, or we can collapse at the naked sight of ourselves. Not to explore the impulse to pornography is a form of denying human sexuality. We are, willy-nilly, brought to the overriding question of the modern imagination: how much deceit can we afford?



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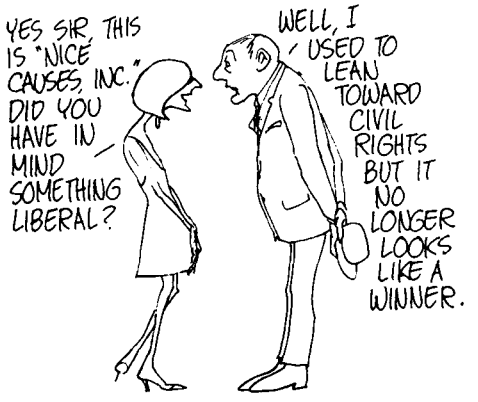
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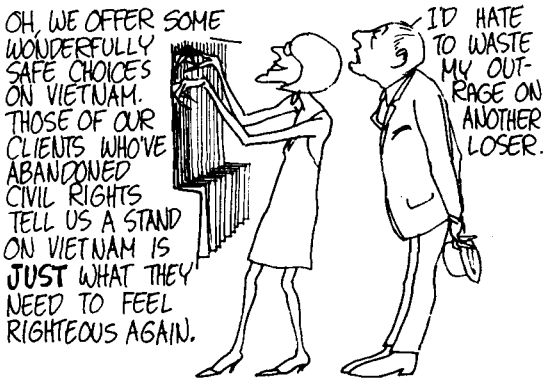
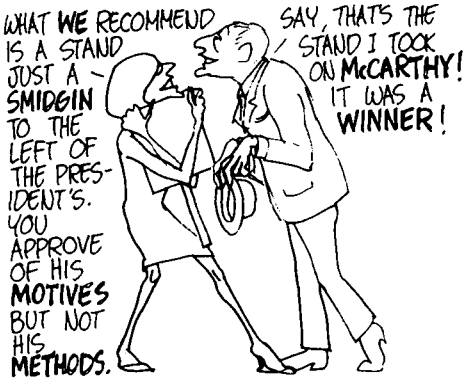
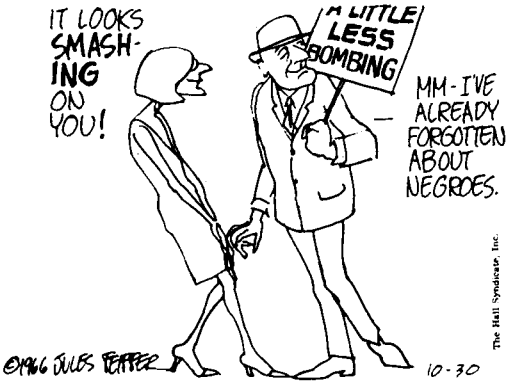

OH, WE OFFER SOME WONDERFULLY SAFE CHOICES ON VIETNAM. THOSE OF OUR CLIENTS WHO'VE ABANDONED CIVIL RIGHTS TELL US A STAND ON VIETNAM IS **JUST** WHAT THEY NEED TO FEEL RIGHTEOUS AGAIN.
I'D HATE TO WASTE MY OUTRAGE ON ANOTHER LOSER.


WHAT **WE** RECOMMEND IS A STAND JUST A — **SMIDGIN** TO THE LEFT OF THE PRESIDENT'S. YOU APPROVE OF HIS **MOTIVES** BUT NOT HIS **METHODS**.
SAY, THAT'S THE STAND I TOOK ON **McCARTHY**! IT WAS A **WINNER**!



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# STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Almost-English*

"The subject of translation is worth continual discussion, and I am especially qualified to discuss it because I cannot read any foreign language."

I had just written the above when the November 18 *New Statesman* arrived with an article on translation by the always stimulating Hans Keller. Says Keller: "So far as my views on translation are concerned, I only accept criticism from bilingual people: nobody else can judge."

Nevertheless, I continue insisting on my qualifications. I can plod through some Italian and German, less French, but I cannot really *read* anything but English. Those who can read one or all of those languages may argue with my credentials for judging books from those sources, but do they suspend their own critical judgment on books translated from Japanese? Or Russian? Or Hebrew? Or Portuguese? Notable works from all those sources have appeared in English lately, so, sooner or later, every reader is in the position from which I start.

I cannot (and never do) claim to judge a translation as such, only as a work in English prose or verse. I lament my ignorance, and I have long known that I shall never have anything but a more or less approximate idea of Racine, Goethe, and Dante; but that restriction applies to everyone in relation to most of the world's literatures. My restrictions are simply more inclusive. I envy sometimes (only sometimes) those critics who are able to note Translator X's finesse with Neapolitan dialect or Translator Y's ignorance of the author's subtle parody of 17th-century German epistolary style. Envious or not, whenever I take up a foreign book, it is for me as much a book in English as anything by an Englishman or American.

And thus I take up *Two Views*, a new novel by Uwe Johnson (German, despite his surname), published by Harcourt, Brace & World. The very first sentence makes me slightly uneasy. "Young Herr Dietbert managed to lay hold of a large sum, and bought a sports car." Nothing really wrong with it; but if I saw "lay hold," instead of "get hold," in the first sentence of a book by an American, I would wonder where he had been for half a century. On the next page I see: "The repairs ate into the savings of future months also"; and I wonder why the "also" does not precede the verb, as it would in fluent English. Then, as if to reassure me of fluency, this occurs: "She hesitated before answering, to find an out." Then we lapse back into something less than fluency with "furniture gummy from much handling." Then the hero sits in his car "looking out at the long stretch of lit-up street." What writer of English would use "lit-up"? Or "he did not wish to betray himself as a visitor from the ignorant sticks." What American writer would not know that the adjective is redundant? One more sample: "He also did not like to lose even more income for a time, since he had no news of his car." It sounds like the rendition of a high-school student asked to translate at sight. This translation is by Richard and Clara Winston.

I am discouraged. I put down the Johnson and pick up another translation from the German, *Attendance List for a Funeral* by Alexander Kluge, published by McGraw-Hill. At once I feel more hopeful: the credit to the translator (Leila Vennewitz) on the title page is followed by an entire page devoted to Mrs. Vennewitz's thanks to her husband for his help in the translation, and later there is a note that additional assistance was provided by Michael Roloff. It all looks promisingly careful.

Here is the second sentence of the book: "At the most intense culmination of her flowering, Mary was abjectly in love with a certain female." Even if we disregard the horrendous style, we can ask Mrs. Vennewitz, Mr. Vennewitz, and Mr. Roloff how the word "culmination," which means "the highest point," can have degrees of intensity. In this very first paragraph there is also a mistake in sequence of tenses – too long to quote. I sigh, and turn to the end of the book. The next-to-last sentence: "Each of them wanted to buy her a drink, and the orders came before the men could agree on only one ordering or a few taking turns." I wonder whether all three of the translators collaborated on the phrase "only one ordering or a few taking turns."

These two books are only examples. Others could be cited, new and not so new. The fault is obviously the translators' to begin with, but it does not end there: it is also the editors'. When I was an editor, I once commissioned a well-known translator to do a French novel and was shocked by the quality of the English in the manuscript he submitted. An older and more experienced editor reassured me, in a sense, by telling me that she had never seen a translation that was fit for publication as the translator submitted it, that it always had to be reworked to some degree – in consultation with the translator so that fidelity to the original was maintained.

Few competent editors would pass for publication the lines that I have quoted above if they occurred in novels by Britons or Americans. There seems to be a basically different attitude toward the English in translations, as if special allowances have to be made or as if clumsiness is considered to be part of the foreign flavor. (Something like those film critics who favor the dubbing into English of foreign films but who think that the lines ought to be spoken in foreign accents!) The result is that the prose of translations is generally below that of other prose.

Money plays some part in the problem. American translators are usually paid a flat fee of $15 a thousand words. (This is for work on European books. Translators who are harder to find – such as those for Japanese – sometimes get a portion of the author's royalty.) British translators are paid only about half of what Americans get, but American publishers often would rather pay the American rate in order to avoid a British tone in the translation. The fee of $15 a thousand gives the translator of, say, a 100,000-word novel the sum of $1,500 for what may be three or

*(Continued on page 38)*



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# *Here We Go Gathering Nuts*

*by Honor Tracy*

An enthralling feature of London in the thirties was the Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park. It lives on still, a shadow of itself, but in those palmy days it offered some of the best free entertainment in the capital. Mounted each on his box was every type of enthusiast conceivable, advocates of this, denouncers of that, prophets of the other, the only common denominator being a kind of fervent lunacy. In this, at first hearing, all apparently shared to the same degree but with experience one came to know better. A type there was yet nuttier than the rest, namely, he who knew what was wrong with mankind and, alone of his fellows, was able to put it right.

*Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal*
by Ayn Rand and Others
(New American Library; $6.50)

The tone of Miss Rand's book, with its monomaniac vehemence, is much like that of the thinkers in Hyde Park. Between her and them, however, lies a big difference. They for the most part were urging upon us something new, rich and strange, that they had reasoned out for themselves or just picked up somewhere, a revolutionary method of breathing, a return to nature in the form of a grass diet or movement on all-fours, the abolition of law, police, church, army and so on: there was one who believed the imbalance of the sexes to be at the root of our troubles and called on widows to immolate themselves by way of a cure.

With equal sincerity, Miss Rand is advocating something familiar, tried, exhaustively examined and reappraised and in force over large areas of the world. There is nothing whatever "unknown" about it: her only novelty is to describe it as an ideal, a concept she attempts to justify by philosophical mumbo-jumbo about the true nature of Man, the primacy of the individual, the laws of reality and the pernicious fallacies of social conscience or obligation.

It would be a mistake to see in Miss Rand a "La Pasionaria" of the Right, a little demented perhaps by the urgency of her cause but fearless in her presentation of it. Behind all her arguing and word-spinning is a simple hatred of the masses, but she does not frankly admit it. She denies, to be sure, that the community has a duty towards them or that they have a claim on it: the only "right" that anyone has is to push out for himself, for his own material gain, without restraint or control: and the mere thought of his profits being filched to help others less comfortably placed all but topples her reason over.

At the same time, however, she pretends that the unbridled cutthroat free-for-all of her "ideal" is, in fact, to their good. The helpless, the ungifted, the handicapped, the *Lumpen*, are not exploited by it but march happily forward beneath its umbrella: the abilities and achievements of their masters confer on them an unearned bonus. Only let the businessman go to it: depressions are caused by governmental meddling, and so are wars, on which Big Business has always frowned.

Where businessmen are concerned, her notions are romantic indeed. Their minds are rational, creative, inviolate (at this point, for some reason, she hauls in Galileo), they stand for freedom, civilization, progress, joy: they form the élite of a society, if not – as Valéry said that Europe did – "la partie précieuse du monde." It is a view that some of us would like to explore in greater depth: an appendix, telling us exactly where these paragons are to be found, would have been most acceptable.

Does she, can she, really mean all she says? And does most of what she says mean anything at all? Take this vivid little sketch of our time:

> "With most of the world in ruins, with the voice of philosophy silent and the last remnants of civilization vanishing undefended, in an unholy alliance of savagery and decadence, bloody thugs are fighting over the spoils, while the cynical pragmatists left in charge and way out of their depth are trying to drown their panic at Europe's cocktail parties, where emasculated men and hysterical, white-lipped women determine the fate of the world by declaring that socialism is chic."

Quite a lot of the book is as funny as this and one is repeatedly tempted to quote her. She evidently feels the same, as an extraordinary amount of space is filled by excerpts from, or references to, her earlier writings, with

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which she takes it for granted that all are familiar. "Do you remember that scene in *Atlas Shrugged* etc.?" she will gravely inquire, or "Consider the growth of socialized medicine throughout the world . . . and then read the statement of Dr. Hendricks in *Atlas Shrugged*. . . ." This instruction, by the way, can be ignored: it appears on p. 157, by which time the reader will easily divine what Dr. Hendricks has to say on that or any subject without troubling himself to verify.

Articles from other fervid pens give their support. Mr. Nathaniel Branden contributes one on "Alienation," in which he ascribes the "Identity crisis of modern man" to – guess what! the decay of capitalism and, with engaging self-confidence, hits out at Dr. Erich Fromm. Mr. Alan Greenspan has a go at the anti-trust laws: Mr. Robert Hessen reveals that, contrary to widespread belief, the Industrial Revolution brought nothing but good to women and children. But, unquestionably, Miss Rand remains Top Bee in the communal bonnet, buzzing the loudest and zaniest throughout this all but incredible book.

# *Taking Radicals Seriously*

*by Andrew Kopkind*

The most difficult thing in the world is to be taken seriously. People go limp in the street, throw bricks through shop windows, and take cold poison, but for all the good it does they might as well be home by the TV. One way or another, a super-sophisticated society will find ways to dismiss them – as kooks, as victims, or as performers. The medium of their action replaces their message: hipsters mean long hair and pot, poor Negroes mean summer riots, Stokely Carmichael means a lively session of Meet the Press.

*A Prophetic Minority*
by Jack Newfield
(New American Library; $4.75)

The hippies, the poor blacks, and Stokely Carmichael are, in varying degrees of attachment, elements of the New Left, and they are trying to say something that will be taken seriously – not about themselves, but about the world in which they are uneasily placed. They have had a measure of success under ground. In some Black Belt counties, on some college campuses, and in some ghetto districts the young radicals have significant followings. Ordinary people have been "turned on" by SNCC's organizers in the South, by community unions in Northern slums, by the Scheer campaign for Congress in California, by anti-war and anti-draft programs, farm workers' strikes, slumlord protests, and school boycotts. But over ground, on the level of public consciousness and visibility, the Movement looms small. Newspaper editors and TV producers demand "victories," and the product of the New Left has been small, or temporary, or dead-ending: a street light at a crossing in the slums, an integrated lunch counter, control of an anti-poverty advisory board by poor people, relaxation of parietal rules on a college campus. The new structures of society, the embryonic institutions the radicals think necessary to change America are not yet built, not abuilding. And no one – no one, that is, in the big, visible world – takes the New Left seriously.

Which is not to say that a lot of people don't discuss it. There is already a small shelf of books, and a large stack of magazine articles (many from this journal) on the New Left as a Phenomenon (or Happening, in the current mode). The newsmagazines have been through it and gone; as a Modern Living topic in *Time* it held attention for a brief period between Skate Boards and God Is Dead. The radicals themselves have produced

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*Louis MacNeice:*
*His Poetry, His Autobiography*
by Stephen Spender



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position papers, manifestoes, letters, personal chronicles and leaflets without number, and without very much coherence. The best of the bunch has been anthologized, but as it turns out, the best is none too good. In any case, the anthology form strengthens the impression of the new radicals as curious specimens, who should be read to find out what they are, not for what they say.

Jack Newfield's survey of the New Left is probably the best quick look at the Movement that we shall have. Newfield is well-placed to write about it. He grew up knowing all about the goings-on in the New York political-intellectual set. He joined the New Left in its early days (on the staff of Students for a Democratic Society). He has picketed in New York and has been harassed in Mississippi. He works for *The Village Voice*, is engaged in a running feud with Irving Howe, and has a continuing friendship with Michael Harrington. He is on speaking terms with John Lindsay, Bobby Kennedy, Bob (Moses) Parris, and Tom Hayden.

Newfield is aware that American culture has a "spongelike genius for either absorbing or merchandizing all dissent," but for all that not even he takes his subjects seriously. He sympathizes with them, he finds them fascinating, he divines their origins and has a fair idea of where they're going, and I suspect he would tell them to wear their rubbers if it were raining, or get some rest if they had been working too hard. But in his accounts, the New Left turns out to be another transient phenomenon, a point on the historical continuum: "In the 1920's it was radical social action. In the 1940's it was the heroism of the trenches. In the 1950's it was the cultivation of the private. Now, halfway through the decade, it is once again the ideal of social action. . . ." Now you see it, now you don't.

The hazard of such analysis is that history comes out sounding like a script for You Are There. Walter Cronkite speaks:

> "What happened in Greensboro, North Carolina, on February 1, went unreported in *The New York Times* the next day, but it had the effect of the Boston Tea Party. It was the single spark that was to ignite the conscience of white America and the hope of black America. The four freshmen from a Jim Crow college who sat-in that day in Greensboro's downtown F. W. Woolworth could hardly sense the historic significance of their deed. No one, not John Kennedy, then starting his bid for the presidency, not Martin Luther King, then a Moses without a movement, not George Wallace, then running for governor of Alabama, could know that a simple plea for a cup of coffee would set in motion a chain. . . ."

Newfield's infatuation with the melodrama of history leads him to compress events and personalize them. The result is a mixture of Barbara Tuchman and Jimmy Breslin ("Your name is David Lloyd George, and all your life you've wanted to be Prime Minister"). It encourages the collection of categories – of people, attitudes, ideologies, and events. Newfield has boxes for everyone and everything. There is the Hereditary Left and the New Left, the


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Young Left and the Adult Left, the Ex-Radical Left, the Social Democrat Left, the Romantic Left, the Humanist Liberal Left, and the Nat Hentoff Left (for some reason, Hentoff, the writer and jazz critic, has a box all for himself; Newfield thinks he is the worst thing to come down the pike in years).

What may not be so clear is that there is also a Newfield Left. He has a good idea of what his America is like, and his New Left – the True Movement – is appropriate to it. All others are "stupid" (as Newfield calls Progressive Labor) or "tragic" (as he sees Carmichael's SNCC). The assumption of the Newfield Left is that democracy somehow renews itself in every generation (via a "prophetic minority") and that the purpose of radicalism is to convince the Establishment of what must be done. He quotes, approvingly, a line from Paul Booth, a former SDS officer: "Maybe if we can do some successful community organizing now, it will be a spur to get King, Reuther and the churches to do the same thing themselves next year." In fact, it has, but the consequence seems to be that the Kings and Reuthers (and the War on Poverty, if it could) merely co-opt radical energies. That may be the New Reform, but it is hardly the New Radicalism.

The evolution of the New Left, Newfield says, will be seen in the establishment of the current young radicals:

> "In fifteen years Bob Dylan's poems will be taught in college classrooms. . . . Paul Booth, Julian Bond, and Carmichael will be the leaders of adult protest movements. . . . Tom Hayden, Robb Burlage, and Bob Parris will be major social critics."

At best, the Movement is a Training Program for careers in social criticism, and a ginger group to spur the Democratic Party to do something about war, poverty, and alienation.

To take the New Left seriously is to see America as a monster, capable of devouring everything and changing not a bit. It is to reject the notion that in every decade the society gets a little bit better. For a serious writer, it is to tell the Movement about itself, not characterize it for a pop audience. No one has done that job yet.



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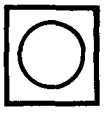

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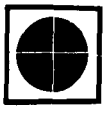

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*By Jerome Agel*

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# *Pressure on Congress*

*by Helen Fuller*

In Washington today it is considered "square" to be greatly alarmed over the influence of lobbying or the spread of monopoly. These are regarded by many as the conceits of a simpler day, outmoded by present countervailing pressures from business, labor and consumers.

To those who hold this view James Deakin is a square. Twelve years as a Washington correspondent for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* have convinced him that lobbying is a growing, not a diminishing, danger to our form of government. Contending pressure groups do not exert equal, or nearly equal, power on government. Monopoly industrial power so far outweighs the other forces at work that organized lobbying advances the greatest good of a select few most of the time, Deakin's investigations disclose.

*The Lobbyists*
by James Deakin
(Public Affairs Press; $6)

This comes as no surprise to those who have read, let alone studied, the Lobbying Act of 1946 which Congress passed to reform the system. Its purpose was to establish rules of fair play in the lobbying trade. Few people today, including Mr. Deakin, subscribe to the proposition that lobbies are inherently bad and should be outlawed, as Justice Hugo Black advocated when he was a senator. The last Congress to legislate reforms in 1946 sought instead to distinguish the professional lobbyist from the private citizen petitioning his government. The authors of the 1946 measure therefore limited its application to those whose *principal purpose* (my italics) is to influence legislation for pay.

In order to pass their bill, its sponsors bargained for votes by agreeing to make no mention of what lobbyists could or could not do within the law. What finally went on the books was the sole requirement that lobbyists-for-hire register with the Congress, report their income and its sources and how much of it they spend in lobbying. Twenty years of life under this puny law has produced predictably puny results. As Deakin reports: "The private interest lobby operates without any effective rules or limitations. There is a lobbying law, but it is a mockery."

*The Lobbyists* is largely given over to documenting that charge. The phrase "principal purpose" in the law opened a loophole a mile wide for trade associations and their employers. Washington representatives of those organizations immediately claimed exemption on the ground that direct lobbying of members of Congress is only part, not the principal purpose, of their work. Some of the most active and influential operators on Capitol Hill have successfully declined to register under the Lobbying Act, using this legal alibi.

To those who could not get through the "principal purpose" escape hatch, the Supreme Court opened a wider exit in 1954. The 1946 Lobbying Act as drawn applies only to direct pressure on members of Congress, the Court ruled in *US* v *Harriss*. That made life sweet and easy for those who make a living building up pressure at the "grassroots" – wherever that may be – for one well-heeled cause or another.

Mr. Deakin details what the Court decision plus the vagaries of the 1946 Act have made possible for the enterprising lobbyist.

Item: The President of E. I. du Pont, Crawford W. Greenewalt, personally pounded congressional corridors for three months to put through a special interest stockholders' tax relief bill for his company. Most congressmen and administration officials of any importance to his cause received the honor of a call from Greenewalt during that time. His bill passed and President Kennedy signed it. But Mr. Greenewalt's name never appeared on the Lobby Registry. He is not paid for the "principal purpose" of lobbying, du Pont officials explained.

Item: The top-ranking Hill & Knowlton public relations firm directed the "grassroots" campaign to kill the drug regulation bill for its drug industry clients. It also ran the grassroots pres-



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sure push on behalf of natural gas producers to exempt them from federal regulation. But Hill & Knowlton has not registered as lobbyist for any of its clients since 1950. "Grassroots lobbying" is not covered by the 1946 Lobbying Act.

Item: The National Association of Manufacturers has not reported under the Lobbying Act since 1950 either. Yet three-fifths of its budget annually goes to grassroots lobbying or opinion formation.

The Lobbying Act does not tell the public, or Congress, how many lobbyists are in business in Washington or how much they spend – the original, feeble intent of the law. Slightly more than a thousand are registered; those who know say they number five times that. Lobby spending reported to Congress in 1964 was $4.2 million. The true figure was closer to $1 billion, the same sources estimate.

Deakin is too wise in the ways of the world to believe that tightening the disclosure law will accomplish much. What he hopes, one gathers, is that more facts about the effects of lobbying will inspire the public to the moral indignation that stirred him to write his book.

For a starter in this direction Deakin points out that, "The majority of Americans pay more taxes than they should because of special privileges arranged by lobbyists for wealthy individuals and powerful corporations." Deakin estimates we pay a billion dollars more in taxes than we should because of dividend withholding, pay a 6,000 percent markup on prescription drugs because of the victory of the drug lobby in Congress. These and other consumer facts Deakin cites may be attention-getters but they are not crusade-starters in the America-that-thinks-it-is-affluent today.

One wishes that Deakin had thought twice before limiting *The Lobbyists* to the hired hands who operate in the marble halls of Congress. How exciting it would be to read in the same authentic detail he devotes to lobbying in Congress the story of what the special interest men do day-by-day downtown in Washington where the big spending goes on.

The Lobbying Act now in effect covers only Congress. "Considering the tremendous pressures on the Executive


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Branch – especially the Defense Department – and the federal regulatory agencies, this is a staggering defeat," Mr. Deakin notes.

*The Lobbyists* brings up to date and redefines the continuing problem of special interest pressure on Congress. It does not bring up to date the larger problem of how far those pressures have spread into the pockets of power in Executive Washington – the new frontier for lobbyists.

## FILMS

# *Wearing the Quick Away*

The new action-Western, *The Professionals* (Columbia) – with Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, Woody Strode, Jack Palance, Claudia Cardinale; adapted and directed by Richard Brooks – has the expertise of a cold old whore with practised hands and no thoughts of love. There's something to be said for this kind of professionalism: the moviemakers know their business and they work us over. We're not always in the mood for love or for art, and this movie makes no demands, raises no questions, doesn't confuse the emotions. Even the absence of visual beauty or of beauty of language or concept can be something of a relief. The buyer gets exactly what he expects and wants and pays for: manipulation for excitement. We use the movie and the movie uses us.

This shallow movie with its jokes not of the first freshness, and its hard pressing of the Western to squeeze out the last bit of oil is as modern a product as a new car. (It may be no accident that the man in this Western, Ryan, who loves horses is treated as some sort of weakling.)

Did you have daring ideas for sophisticated sexual dramas when you were in high school, and then, realizing how ludicrously lurid they were, laugh at yourself whenever you thought of them? Well, not everybody discarded those mouldy-gaudy fantasies, as the Tony Richardson-Jean Genet collaboration on *Mademoiselle* (Lopert-United Artists) demonstrated. And now there's another of these movies to diddle by, *10:30 P.M. Summer* (Lopert - United Artists) directed by Jules Dassin out of Marguerite Duras – too preposterously purple to be successfully blue. This fantasy of the international set is loaded with absurdly gorgeous photography, crowd scenes out of Goya, and pregnant close-ups (which have supplanted the old pregnant silences). The ads show three intertwined bodies – Melina Mercouri, Peter Finch, Romy Schneider – and the picture is about the agonized eroticism of a traveling *menage à trois*. The pivot is Melina Mercouri who is like some great ravenous sex-obsessed witch; she has the wingspread to carry you off though all she does is croak about the pain of living in her drag-queen baritone.

Sample dialogue:

> Romy to Melina: "Maria, what would you do if you came face to face with a murderer?"
>
> Melina: "I would take heem in my arms."

This is a long way from Janet Gaynor, though we may be hard put to say which is worse – the virgin that good boys were afraid to touch for fear she might break, or this grandiose apparition – too-much-woman – who would gurgle with passion while eating up little men, and now little women, too.

Movies always seem to be both behind and ahead of the culture. Though the sexual revolution has scarcely found its way onto the screen, and movies rarely deal with the simplest kinds of heterosexual life in our time, they're already treating bisexuality – like the kids who are on pot and discussing the merits of LSD before they've had their first beer. The extra-woman-in-the-house (which is said to be the latest alteration in the

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domestic arrangements of a number of analysts in Southern California) is turning up in other, unexpected places. I think this element was at least a partial source of the discomfort so many people felt about *Le Bonheur*. In addition to the obviously disturbing aspect of the film – the lack of personal differentiation in one woman taking the place of the other – there was, underneath, a breakdown, also, of sexual differentiation: the husband must have wanted the two women to love each other, also. He wanted them all to be one happy family. And *that*, given the simple bourgeois characters of *Le Bonheur*, is disturbing, while *10:30 P.M. Summer* with its world-weary trio is to howl at.

*The Shameless Old Lady* (Continental) is pleasant enough, and though the material is thin, it's stretched out rather deftly, and I wouldn't have minded the picture too much if the audience hadn't been so audibly pleased with its capacity to respond. I can hear someone saying, "What snobbery! She didn't like the picture because the audience enjoyed it." And that's not too far wrong. I wished the audience wasn't chuckling so comfortably at the exhibitions of French miserliness: there was something so mean about feeling pleasurably superior to those little signs of meanness. I experienced a groan of recognition when the man behind me said happily, "It's so French!" People used to say that in the forties about those synthetic rural comedies like *The Well-Digger's Daughter:* I remember that one particularly because the man who took me *had* said it and I *had* groaned, and the next night he went back to see it with another girl.

As it's a sort of parable, it is, rather refreshingly, a-Freudian: the wise little old lady has no responsibility for the selfish, niggardly monsters she has produced (this, too, makes it easier for the audience to respond). Has this Bertolt Brecht story been done before or is it just that the details are familiar from countless "so French" movies, and that Sylvie, expert as she is, has gone through this bag before? I used to admire her in her mean obsessive old lady roles: goodness sits too lightly on her, as on Bette Davis humbly saying "God Bless." René Allio's direction is clean but the script is undernourished: the old lady's discovery of the modern world doesn't have the texture or imaginative substance to sustain a full-length film, nor does the script suggest the ironies or ambiguities that are possible in her delight.

But the critics! Give them a newly-made antique and a good clean old peasant and a name like Brecht to patronize, and they'll give you everything they've got. There hasn't been a set of reviews with so much self-congratulatory virtue and such beautiful condescension since *The Shop on Main Street* (and before that, *David and Lisa* and *Ballad of a Soldier*). Yes I know there's a danger of going to extremes of disaffection when a movie has been as overpraised as this one, and probably if I'd seen it unheralded I would have thought it a decent enough little try at something. But what I'm objecting to is not so much the movie as what it represents for the audience – an urban version of pseudo-folk that lulls them back to what they think of as the wonderful old French movies. The critics are always asking of movies


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that they be again as they were, and then when you hear what they thought they were – ! Crowther says, "you'd better go to see it if you're looking for a film that has charm, sweet sentiment and simplicity in an abundance you seldom get in films these days." He means that to be a recommendation, as does Judith Crist when she says it "will win your heart completely."

Is this the alternative to the harshness and chaos of so many movies – heart-warming little well-made QED pictures? After we've watched the director loading the dice, it's not really much fun watching him roll them. The sentimental gratifications of the well-turned plot that fulfills our expectations belong to the old movies we don't watch on TV.

There is a sequence of a girl dancing in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* (United Artists) but the director, Richard Lester, breaks it up so much with camera and editing that we can't see the dance, only flashes of parts of her body, and we can't even tell if the girl *can* dance because the movement is almost totally supplied by *his* means. This technique is a good one for concealing the ineptitude of performers, but Lester's short-term camera magic keeps cutting into and away from the comedians (Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, Michael Hordern) who never get a chance to develop a routine or to bring off a number. What are we being distracted from?

There was probably no way to predict that Lester's style would be at war with the form, which in Plautus, as in the musical comedy adaptation by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with Stephen Sondheim's songs, seemed the least strict imaginable; one might have thought it open enough for almost any kind of improvisation. But, seeing the result, we get the sense that Lester thinks it would be too banal just to let us see a dance or a pair of comedians singing a duet. Yet if they're good, they're a lot less banal than his cute-camera intrusions: movement designed to cover emptiness. We go to see great clowns precisely for the way they move, for the grace and lightness of their style. The marvel of burlesque is that those lewd men become beautiful: their timing and skill transform the lowest forms of comedy. When Lester supplies the rhythms for them by film editing he takes away the one great asset of burlesque: that triumph of style which converts leering into art. He takes away their beauty and they become ugly and gross; he turns artists back into mugging low comics. (He also uses the women execrably: they are blank-faced bodies or witless viragos.) Some of the best moments are the least doctored: Hordern's vocal inflections, a satirical entrance song by Leon Greene. Lester's technique works successfully intermittently – as in the parody recap of the love duet which is lovely, like the song in the snow in *Help!*

It's difficult to make dance and song "work" on screen, and it's understandable that a talented, inventive director should fall back upon what looks so "cinematic" – the nervous camera, the restless splicing, the succession of "visual" jokes. But the sight gags of television commercials have a purpose: they are there to sell something and they make their point and they're over.


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In *Forum* as in *The Knack*, when Lester strings these gags together, they're just pointless agitation – just "clever" and "imaginative." He proceeds by fits and starts and leaves jokes suspended in mid-air: it's as if he'd forgotten what it's all for. And for an audience the experience becomes one of impatience and irritation – like coitus interruptus going on forever.

PAULINE KAEL

# *Correspondence*

## Who Beat La Follette?

*Sirs:*

In TRB's column, November 26, 1966, we read of Bob La Follette Jr. "He was beaten by Joe McCarthy with the aid of a communist bloc of votes in Milwaukee." This contention has been vociferously made – doubtless out of a deep rooted guilt complex – by the very people who brought about La Follette's defeat. Joe McCarthy had an assist, all right – but it wasn't a bloc of communist votes. There were never enough communist votes in all Wisconsin to affect any election. Bob La Follette was defeated with the aid of Democratic cross-over votes in the primary, voting for Joe McCarthy in the addled belief that the Democratic candidate – a colorless if sincere college professor who never could explain why he ran against La Follette in the first place – could more readily defeat McCarthy than La Follette in the November election. It didn't work out that way. Ever since then, vociferous half-baked Liberals in Wisconsin have tried to conceal the sad work they accomplished by blaming it on "a communist bloc." It is one of the standard contentions of the very paper I serve as literary editor, *The Capital Times*, of Madison. But it is simply not a fact.

*August Derleth*
*Sauk City, Wisconsin*

## Israel and Vietnam

*Sirs:*

Gentlemen you perplex me! In your last issue (November 26) Leo Muray justifies Israel's attack on Jordan as follows: "If the Israeli government does not show that it is able and willing to defend itself, many more Arabs than the handful working actively for the Palestinian organization will begin to stir." However, you condemn American attacks on North Vietnam which are justified on the same grounds by US officials.

Since the Arabs of the Palestine Liberation Front are indigenous to the area (as Viet Cong are to their area), and since the role of Jordan in PLF activities is, as you claim, similar to North Vietnam's in NLF activities, I can only view your position as a sad case of "double standards."

*Daniel E. Teodoru*
*Jackson Heights, N.Y.*

## Goodbye to All That

*Sirs:*

Pointing out that Edward Brooke of Massachusetts will be the first Negro senator since 1881, Andrew Kopkind ("Goodbye to All That," November

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19) says "the other two were sent by the Mississippi legislature." Actually there were four. Hiram Revels (1870-71) and Blanche Bruce (1875-81) were the only Negroes to *serve*, but two others were elected by the Louisiana legislature in the same decade. P. B. S. Pinchback fought for his seat, but after three years of wrangling (1873-76) was rejected by the close vote of 32-29, though awarded his full senatorial salary and travel pay (he was simultaneously member-elect of the House of Representatives, which likewise denied him his seat). Colonel James Lewis was also elected to the Senate, but, seeing the handwriting on the wall, decided to forego trying to be seated.

*Caldwell Titcomb*
*Brandeis University*

## Kauffmann, *from page 26*

four months' work. True, many a novelist has not made any more than that from a book (often he makes less), but one cannot expect any translator to get the same gratification from his work that an author gets.

The economics of publishing would not easily accommodate a substantial rise in translating fees, but, anyway, money is only a partial solution. As one editor, experienced in this field, said to me recently: "A good translator is a good writer," and not many good writers want to devote themselves to translation (although many good writers have done it occasionally).

The problem of translation will remain a problem. But there is a level at which some action could be taken. I am not discussing here the impossibility of truly translating poetry or such a subtlety as the fact – fantastic to us – that Freud is considered a master stylist in his own language. I am not discussing anything that involves *comparison with the original.* I simply point out that good publishers and editors often issue translations that are far below the prose level of their books that are written originally in English; that, finally, it is their responsibility to keep translations out of the middle ground between languages, the land of Almost-English.


The time has come, the Phoenix said to publish many things: of what words mean and Yankee licks of Fermi, vector and matrix.

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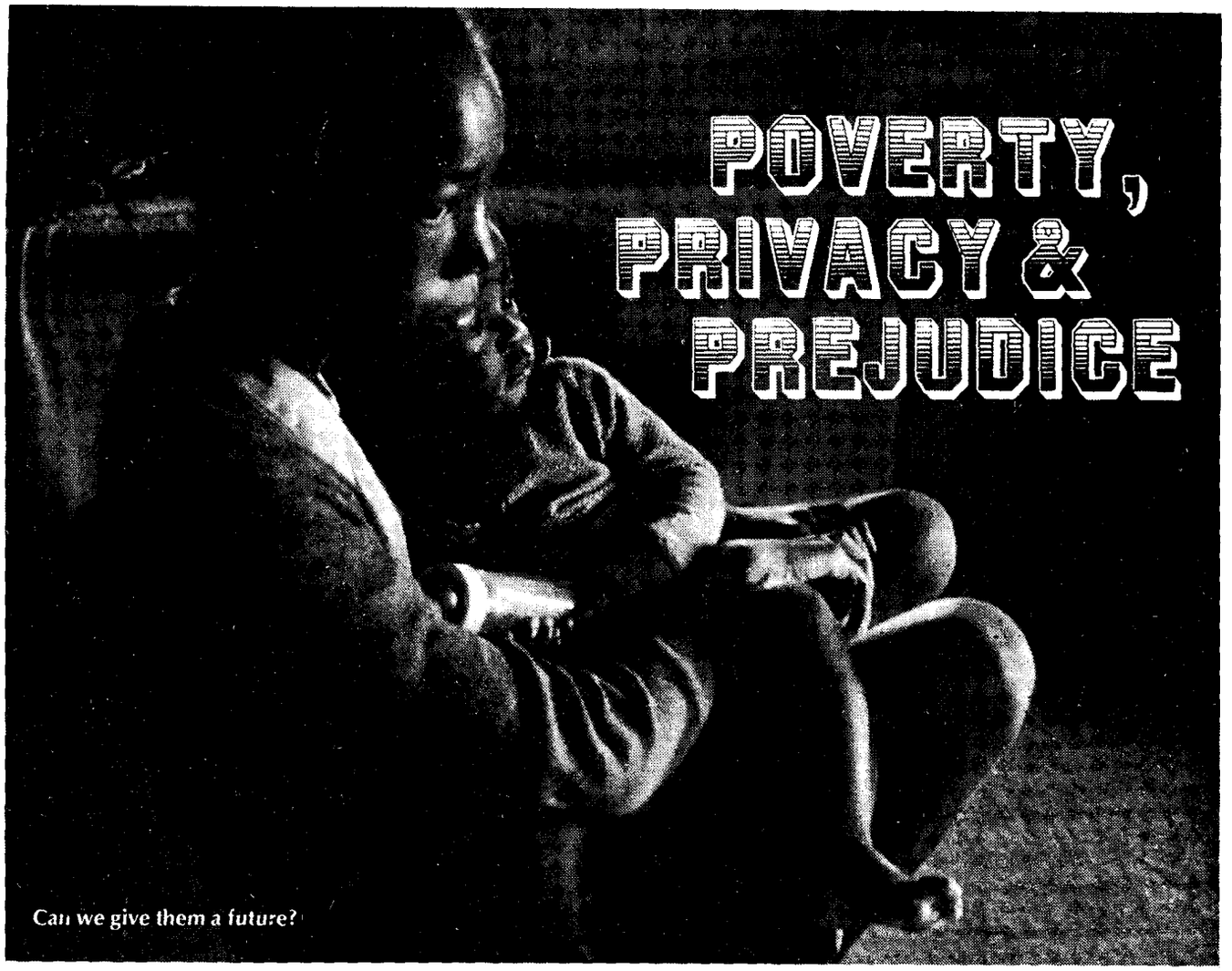


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. . . *At 55, with nine children still at home, Henry Perry* can find no work. Last year he enrolled his nine-year-old daughter in a white school. Since then, no employer in the county will hire him. But the neighbors say there is no use in the Perrys' applying for public assistance because it is never given to families with fathers living at home.* **Names have been changed to protect privacy.*

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